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# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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## THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance.

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THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued as a four page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society.—Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT, gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

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# SAILORS' THE MAGAZINE

AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND



Vol. 56,

OCTOBER, 1884.

No. 10.

## EFFORTS FOR SEAMEN IN CHINA AND JAPAN.

Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, so long and still our chaplain at the Hawaiian Islands, has lately been absent from his post, as our readers know, on a brief visit to China. He has sent to us from Yokohama, in Japan, over date of July 29th, 1884, an article under the above heading, and very few of the many communications with which he has frequently enriched the pages of the MAGAZINE have given a more valuable or gratifying view of labor put forth for seamen in any quarter of the globe, than this. We commend it to special regard.

No person who has not visited China and Japan can fully appreciate what is now being done in these countries for the temporal and spiritual welfare of seamen. The sailor visiting the open ports of these regions cannot say, "No man careth for my soul." It appears to me, indeed, that I never visited seaports where, in proportion to the number of the English and American residents, I have met with so many persons who have manifested a kindly interest in behalf of seamen. This interest does not show itself in commonplace remarks and empty platitudes,

but in substantial expressions of generous benevolence and good deeds. And if I now briefly refer to what I have actually witnessed during the past three months, and learned from those engaged in laboring for seamen, I think I shall fully establish the assertion which I have made. There are many who do care, labor and pray for seamen, and in every reasonable method are now providing for them.

*At Canton.*

But few foreign vessels visit this port, save ships of war. But few

seamen come on shore, except to walk and engage in their athletic sports upon the *Shameen*, or Foreign Concession. This is a small island in the Canton river, opposite the city, separated by a canal filled with hundreds, or even thousands of *Sampans*, inhabited by the vast river population who never find a home on the land. There are only a few foreign residents in Canton, beside the Mission families. Among them, however, I learned that there was an earnest desire to fit up a reading-room and place of entertainment for seamen, and although just then certain obstacles were obstructing the undertaking,—eventually, I think, something will be accomplished. I was happy to meet both English and American naval officers at the religious services held at the different homes of the missionaries, and I noticed that officers were freely invited to visit among the missionaries. Missionaries were accustomed to go on board, and hold religious services and distribute good reading.

One Sabbath, while there, I accompanied the Rev. Mr. WHITE, of the Presbyterian Mission, on board the U. S. S. *Monocacy*, where a service was held among the seamen, and a most excellent supply of papers was furnished by the ladies in Rev. Dr. HAPPER's family. Ladies are accustomed to accompany those conducting the religious services, to assist in singing, or rather to conduct that part of the service, often taking their musical instruments with them.

#### *At Hong Kong.*

This city is essentially an English port, and among the British soldiers and sailors there is a chaplain supported by the government. There is always a large amount

of foreign shipping in the harbor, and I have heard the statement that Hong Kong ranks in the number of its arrivals and departures next to Liverpool, London, and New York. We landed on Sabbath afternoon, April 6th, and that evening found our way to the London Mission chapel, on Queen's Road, where, as we entered, two beautiful English ladies attached to that Society were serving out tea and coffee to the seamen and others arriving prior to the hour appointed for the services to open, and as the officiating clergyman was a little late "Moody and Sankey" hymns were sung. The audience that evening listened to an admirable sermon by the Rev. Mr. EITEL, formerly a member of the London Missionary Society but now Superintendent of Public Schools. He is an able and eloquent preacher. On a subsequent Sabbath evening it was my privilege to preach. The various clergymen of the city preach gratuitously on each Sabbath evening.

There is a SAILORS' HOME in Hong Kong, erected by the generous munificence of the well-known firm of JARDINE, MATHESON & Co. I visited the Home but as I did not meet the manager I am unable to write respecting the prospects and usefulness of the establishment. I think Hong Kong imperatively needs a first-class seamen's chaplain, exclusively devoted to the seamen of all nations. If the proper man could be secured, and the American and English societies would coöperate in his support, I think that about what is needed.

#### *At Amoy.*

This is one of the open ports of China, and a place of resort for ships of war and merchant vessels.



There are but few foreign residents, except mission families—English and American. The latter reside on the small island of Kalangsu. There I found a neat and commodious reading-room, erected for the sailors' special benefit when enjoying liberty on shore. It was well supplied with papers and books, was built and is supported by the residents on the island,—missionaries and others. At this place there is a beautiful *Union Chapel*. This was erected about twenty years ago, and, as I was informed by the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE, the erection of this edifice was among the last efforts of the Rev. Mr. DOTY, for many years a missionary of the American Board in Amoy. The missionaries alternate in their preaching, here, and in conducting the week-day religious services. As I spent a Sabbath in Amoy I was invited to preach, and I noticed seamen in the audience, where they are always invited and made most welcome.

#### *At Foo Chow.*

Our steamer landed us at this port upon a pleasant Sabbath morning, and we became the guests of the Rev. Dr. BALDWIN of the American Board. Our very limited sojourn did not allow me to make all the inquiries I should have been glad to have made; still I learned that here was a *Union Chapel* where residents and seamen were made welcome. There I met the U. S. Consul, Mr. WINGATE, who is very highly spoken of by the missionaries and others, and in whom the sailors find a genuine friend. He is one of the oldest Consuls in China and one of the Trustees of the *Union Chapel*. We dined at the Consulate the evening before our leaving, where

we again met our U. S. Minister, Mr. YOUNG, whom we had before met at Canton.

#### *At Shanghai.*

Here there is a large amount of foreign shipping, but principally under the English flag. A Temperance Hall is sustained, also a temperance weekly paper. There is a *Union Chapel*, now enjoying the services of the Rev. Mr. BAMFORD, an English independent clergyman, able and eloquent, whom I heard on Sabbath morning, July 6th, and from him and others I learned that seamen were by no means overlooked and forgotten in Shanghai. Only the week before my arrival the *Union church* people gave a free entertainment to which all seamen were invited.

#### *At Tientsin.*

This is a port at the head of ocean navigation, on the Peiho River, forty or fifty miles from Pekin. At the port there is a neat Temperance Hall built by the residents and others for the sailors' special benefit. The Rev. Mr. STANLEY, a missionary of the American Board, who has labored to sustain it for years, informed me that sailors frequented the temperance hall and the lunch room. He devotes much time and gratuitous labor to the seamen's cause, reminding me of the Rev. Mr. COAN, at Hilo, and Rev. Dr. BALDWIN, at Lahaina, who, in addition to their arduous labors, found a little leisure to devote to the sailor. The true missionary interprets the great command,—“Go, teach all nations, and make disciples of all nations,” to include seamen, and I think whenever and wherever these men (and women) can do anything for the sailor's

benefit, they are eager to fulfil this injunction of our Divine Redeemer. When visiting the port of Chefoo, in landing, I noticed a neat building fitted up for seamen, with the sign in large letters which no one could fail to read. Chefoo is a port much frequented by ship's of war. While there I counted 25 anchored at one time, —8 English, 4 French, 12 Chinese and 1 Austrian. I learned from the Rev. G. REID, a Presbyterian missionary, that he and others were wont to go on board some of these war vessels and hold religious services.

*In Japan—At Kobe.*

Leaving China I landed for a few hours at Nagasaki, and there met English and American missionaries, and on arriving at Kobe I found a young Swede laboring among seamen, who has been partially supported by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. He keeps a Temperance Hall, in part sustained by the foreign merchants and missionaries of Kobe. He appears to be doing a good work and richly deserves the generous support of the friends of seamen, and I trust the Society will continue the same appropriation for the current year, which has been formerly given.

*At Yokohama.*

I arrived here on the morning of July 24th, and at an early hour, and before landing, I received a call from Mr. AUSTEN, of the *Seamen's Mission*. I was glad to be greeted in this most cordial manner by one whose fame as a useful and successful laborer among seamen is so well known in this part of the great ocean world. He has labored here for ten and more years. I came on shore under his

kind attentions and was made most welcome at the Seamen's Mission Home. Here I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration for the suitable and commodious appearance of the whole establishment. It is most conveniently situated near the landing, in the very best place of all others in the city of Yokohama. From what I have learned by frequent visits to the mission premises, and the reports of the residents in Yokohama, I can truly say that seamen are provided for in this city in a manner such as should occasion joy and great satisfaction in the hearts of the friends of seamen. Mrs. AUSTEN is also a genuine laborer among the seamen, assisting in the singing both at the mission house and on shipboard. Of all the women whom I have ever met, she seems the best qualified to win the hearts of seamen and help them to come to Christ. Last Sabbath I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Austen, with their two little children, on board the U. S. S. *Juniata*, where we held divine service, the captain rendering all possible aid and assistance. In the evening I learned that Mr. Austen went on board the U. S. S. *Trenton*, where he assisted the chaplain of the vessel. I can truly say that Mr. Austen appears to be the right man in the right place, so that the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY could not possibly devote to a better use a portion of its annual appropriations than to the vigorous support of the seamen's mission of Yokohama.

I think the readers of the MAGAZINE may reasonably infer that although temporarily away from the chaplaincy in Honolulu, I am not neglectful of my duties to seamen. Wherever I have visited in



China and Japan I have made inquiries relating to the seamen's cause. And I can truly add that I am somewhat surprised at the amount of gratuitous labor which I have witnessed in behalf of sailors. Missionaries I have found giving both time and money, and for many long years continuing their services as occasion required. I do not hesitate to assert that the presence of the noble band of American and English missionaries has contributed in no small degree to purify the moral atmosphere of this Oriental world. Without wishing to reflect upon the state of morals among foreigners in these remote lands, I cannot but remark that the Christian church never did a more wise act

than in sending missionaries hither, where they have labored not only to evangelize the heathen, but to bring Christianity to exert its benign influence upon the foreign community, including seamen. The most happy results have been produced. And I cannot refrain from making a strong appeal not only to the supporters of foreign missions, but also to those wishing well to seamen. The merchants of New York, Boston, and other American cities engaged in the shipping interests of the world, ought to give most liberally for foreign chaplaincies and foreign missions, they go hand in hand. "Give and it shall be given unto you."

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#### REMARKS OF REV. DR. TENNEY,

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF RICHARD P. BUCK, AT BUCKSPORT, ME.,  
JULY 12TH, 1884.

Within the memory of most of us here present, is the pleasant occasion, less than one year ago, when we came together, here, to celebrate the event which marked the anniversary of half a hundred years of wedded life, an occasion of pleasure to us all,—and to this family one of joy and gratitude to God for all the blessings which had filled the fifty years of tender companionship and love.

To-day we are gathered for another purpose,—an occasion of sorrow and mourning, and we miss the pleasant smile and cordial greeting of him who welcomed us then. But there is one thing that is the same,—the good God, who is "the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever." Generations pass away, other things change, but He changes not, and the same

hand that mingled the cup of happiness and blessing then, now mingles for us one of sorrow and affliction. Oh! how blessed it is to feel that it is ever the same hand of our Heavenly Father that is leading us, in joy or in sorrow, in pleasure or in pain.

There is much to be grateful for in the life of him for whom we mourn to-day,—the successes and the comforts of his earthly life,—the tender companionship, and the loving ministries of those nearest and dearest, through so many years.

He was a man of marked individuality, holding decided opinions upon all important questions, and expressing them without hesitation upon every fitting occasion, but never allowing any difference of opinion to disturb the harmony

of his relations with those around him. Loyal to his country, faithful in all the responsibilities of domestic and social life, and in his public duties, and to the church of God with which he was so tenderly and closely associated, and whose ministry he so dearly loved, he always impressed me as a man who subordinated everything to duty. And I have always observed this thing connected with him, that whatever might be the agitations of feeling around him in connection with the local events of the day, or in whatever excitements of life, and amid all his large business enterprises, he always placed first in his estimate of importance the interests of the Kingdom of God upon earth. He felt that he was the servant, and not the master, and in all his prosperity considered himself but as a steward of his Master's possessions.

It is one of the blessings which we remember to-day, that the scenes of rest and gladness upon which he first opened his eyes in this world, were the last upon which his eyes looked as he closed them in death,—that from the home of his fathers was he gathered unto his fathers,—and that the place where he was wont to come for rest and refreshment from business cares and employments, was the place from whence he entered into his eternal rest.

How tender God's care which was around all his pathway!—the same care which is around us in our childhood, and guides us in manhood, which will be with us in old age, if only we keep fast hold of the loving hand! In thinking of those that are gone it is a consoling thought that the same gate is open for us through which they have entered, and that soon these swiftly changing earthly

scenes will be past, and we shall unite with them in the song unto "Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

We do not assemble to-day as upon a recent occasion when a noted sceptic stood with his friends, amid a howling storm, by the side of the casket of a beloved brother, and said,—“We know nothing. We are here in a deep valley shut in on all sides. Mountains rise on either hand, and when we cry out in our anguish the only response we hear is the echo of our own voices.” Not so do we stand to-day. We cry, and the arms of our Heavenly Father are around us; we cry, and we can hear him say unto us,—“I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.

We hear a voice speaking unto us to-day from the opening sky, saying:—

“Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,  
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,  
Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly  
Father,

Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Large are the mansions in my Father's dwelling,  
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim,  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly  
hymn.

There like an Eden blossoming in gladness  
Bloom the fair flowers which earth too rudely  
pressed,

Come unto me all ye who droop in sadness,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### Ways of Doing Good at Sea.

From a little volume, “Recollections of an Octogenarian,” we copy the following, as showing how one may be useful when far off upon the ocean. The writer



was supercargo, and on a voyage from Baltimore to Buenos Ayres in the year 1817, when he was 22 years of age.

"I had a good supply of stationery and books, and I made writing-books, set copies, made and mended quill pens, and assisted such of the sailors as wished to learn to write, and those who desired to improve their handwriting. Bibles and tracts were distributed, and books were given and lent. Every Sunday we had religious services on deck, when the weather would permit. I served as chaplain, and it was somewhat formidable to face the captain, mates, petty officers, a Romish *padre* to whom we had given a passage, a merchant sent by friends on a temperance voyage, and about twenty seamen. Sometimes I ventured into the fore-castle to talk with the men and to read to them. My pantry class, consisting of the steward, cook and cabin-boy, I instructed in the evening. My stock of Bibles being exhausted, I gave the gunner the one which had been my companion for eleven years. It was the first Bible I owned, and was bought with money saved for that purpose. To the cabin-boy, a bright little fellow, I gave the little hymn-book which I used when a small boy and standing up with those who sung counter. Several of the sailors appeared to be grateful for efforts made to benefit them, and the gunner, who had been for several years on board of a British man-of-war, and who was terribly profane, 'knocked off' swearing and seemed to have begun a new life. At his urgent request, I wrote out for him a form of prayer, and Doddridge's 'Self-Dedication to God' I gave him also

'The Life of Whitfield,' which he read with interest and, I hope, with profit.

"The steerage was occupied by the carpenter, boatswain, gunner, the *padre* and the merchant. The mates had a state-room and the captain and I the cabin. The mates and the *padre* took their meals with us. As I had intercourse more or less with every one on board, and read and wrote a good deal, my time was wholly occupied."

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### The Captain's Message.

BY E. LAWRENCE BARNARD.

Mr. Pierce stood in the Merchant's Exchange, in front of the blackboard which noted arrivals and disasters. His eye lighted up as he read the following:

"Highland Light. Bark *Adriatic* passing in."

Mr Pierce rubbed his hands with delight. It was good news to him, for it meant that a ship in which he was part owner, which had been abroad three years and was now several months overdue, was entering the harbor. He immediately sat down at the center-table and wrote a despatch to the captain's wife, Mrs. Williams, of the little town of A——.

This was glad tidings for her, and she hastily prepared to meet her long absent husband. Her little house being always in order, she had only to put on her bonnet and shawl, lock the door, and take the next train for Boston. Good Mr. Pierce met her at the cars, as often before. He said the *Adriatic* could not come up until evening tide, and that she had better go with him on a tugboat.

It was a happy meeting in the harbor that afternoon between the

captain and his wife, but tinged with sadness. Death had entered their home during the father's absence, seizing the captain's only son, a noble boy and the idol of the old man's heart. They talked in low tones coming up the bay, the captain's face growing more serious as he listened to the account of his son's short illness.

"Did Willie say anything about me afore he died?" he asked.

"Yes, he talked much of you during his sickness. He often spoke of your promise to take him with you on your next short trip. But just before he died he said.—'Tell father I shall never sail with him on the *Adriatic*, for I am called to go on another voyage. There's a safe harbor at the end, and I am not afraid. I want him to meet me there.'"

The next morning they gathered some flowers from her tiny garden and carried them to the resting place of their Willie. They found Spring Grove Cemetery was crowded with people, for it was Memorial Day. This town had lost many boys in the war, and the people made much of the day. They came from far and near, bringing flowers of some sort which they tenderly placed on the soldier's graves, while the band played solemn and appropriate music.

As the lonely couple were sitting silently at the end of the grave, they noticed that the young men who composed the band were marching towards them. They came up quietly with uncovered heads, forming a circle around Willie's grave, and played most sweetly two verses of the familiar hymn, "Sweet By-and-by," then slowly and reverently they marched away.

The captain buried his face in his hands and broke down, crying like a child.

"What does it all mean?" he asked.

"It means that Willie was one of their number," Mrs. Williams replied. "Brother George gave him a cornet shortly after you went away. Some of the neighbors' boys obtained musical instruments, and formed themselves into a band, and had a teacher from Boston. Willie was chosen leader, and now for three Decoration Days they have come here and played his favorite hymn."

"I never heard anything like it afore, Mary it seems like heavenly music." The old man wept aloud. "Do you know the words to this heavenly hymn, Mary?"

"I know only one verse, but I have it all at home." Then she tremulously repeated:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar;  
For the Father waits over the way  
To prepare us a dwelling place there."

The captain was silent for a long time, then he said:—

"I've been on the lookout for land for more than thirty years, as I have walked the deck of my ship,—many lands and strange lands,—but I never thought much about this heavenly land. I have always had to take my chances in making new harbors, and I suppose I'll have to when I go out from this life!"

His wife laid her hand gently upon his shoulder, saying earnestly:

"I have learned that there is no chance about this future life. My hope is sure, Willie's hope was sure, and, dear husband, your's may be sure, if you will only believe!"

And there among the whispering pines, the blue sky above and the silent grave beneath, a new joy came into the captain's soul.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.



## THE GOSPEL ABOARD SHIP.

Readers of the *MAGAZINE* will be impressed by an extract from a late number of *Chart and Compass*, London, Eng., which opens to view practical missionary work for sailors, in November last, in the harbor of Holyhead, Wales.

"The ship *C*—of 2, having to put into Holyhead for refuge in the early part of November, the sailor-missionary made it his duty to pay her a visit on different occasions, each time being very kindly received by the captain, officers, and men. The crew was composed chiefly of foreigners, among them, Spanish, French, Italians, and Dutch, to each of whom he gave a Bible in his own particular language. On Saturday, November 10th, our friend got his boat ready and prepared for visiting, but had not gone far, when unfortunately the weather changed, and he had to return to the shore, the wind then blowing very strong from the westward; all vessels in both harbors being compelled to let go second anchor and pay out more chain. Thus the weather lasted till midnight. The following day (Sunday) the sun came out beautifully and the sea was calm. Many of the vessels in the outer harbor engaged in clearing their chains and taking in second anchor. The missionary taking advantage of the fine day, pushed his boat off, and made for the ship *C*—, where he found them hard at work with their chains, and the crew making dreadful complaints at having to work on Sunday. Immediately after the missionary's arrival on board, the captain informed him that he was sorry he could not

give him permission to hold service on board that day, on account of the men being in such a bad temper at having to heave in the second anchor, a thing which the captain considered was necessary; but to test the case he put the question to the missionary before all hands, and asked, "Is such work lawful to do on the Sabbath day?" to which our friend replied, "Certainly, it is lawful and right; we read of the Lord commanding Moses to keep holy the Sabbath day, but the Lord in His great mercy has put a limit to even His own laws, the proof of which we find in Matthew xii. 11, 'What man shall there be among you, among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out.' How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days. So ships in roadsteads, and at sea with men's lives exposed to danger, should be cared for on the Sabbath day as well as any other day of the week. Had another gale blown from a different quarter, and vessels riding with foul anchors, it would be hard to say what the consequence would be. Therefore, I consider you are quite justified in doing what you did. Prevention is better than cure."

"Here the chief officer thanked the missionary for expressing himself as he did, but said he, 'The men forward cannot see the case in the same light, so I consider it will be useless for you to hold a meeting here to-day. But if you will make it convenient to come to-morrow we shall be glad to see you.' The missionary thanked

the captain and officers for this invitation, and promised to return the following day, weather permitting. On Monday, November 12th, at twelve, noon, our friend pushed off once more for the ship *C—*, on which he was kindly received by the captain, who said that immediately after the men had done with their dinner he could take full charge for the afternoon (a favor seldom granted to sailors' missionaries;—such favor reminds one of angels' visits, few and far between). Our friend, however, thanked the captain and made for the fore-castle, where he found the men waiting, ready to turn out at the first ring of the bell; but the missionary, in his own characteristic way, very soon informed them that there was no more turn to that day, for the captain had given full charge of the ship to him, as they do to pilots when going into harbor, so he considered himself as a pilot for that afternoon, not to bring the ship into dock, but to pilot all who would follow him to the port of glory through the Lord Jesus Christ. The crew on hearing there was no work for that afternoon manifested their willingness to have a meeting in their fore-castle, by clearing every obstacle out of the way, the captain and officers joining in with the men.

"The meeting was opened by singing a hymn from Mr. Sankey's collection, which was done with right good will, making the fore-castle ring with the songs of Zion. The missionary then delivered a very interesting address from the first Psalm, which was listened to with the utmost attention, after which he asked if any of the men before the mast would engage in prayer. But to such a request none seemed to have the

courage to respond. All stood silent, with eyes fixed on deck. The chief officer seeing none of the men complying with the request, said, 'I would like to say a word or two before we engage in prayer, and that is, I promise to give all the assistance I can to any one of our ship's company who will carry on such meetings as this on board this ship while at sea. It will be the means of strengthening the work of the Spirit which I believe has already begun; and it will stimulate brotherly love in our midst; and, with God's blessing, it will make our ship a heaven afloat. Let us all unite now in prayer, and ask for God's blessing on the present meeting.' Then the chief officer engaged in a very appropriate prayer, during which time not a few amens ascended in silence to the throne of grace. After prayer the meeting closed at 3.30, but not without some seed having been sown, which was proved in the words of the third officer, who said, 'Another meeting like that would be the means of converting him.' After bidding all hands adieu, our friend the missionary promised to return to the ship at 6 p. m., to hold a prayer meeting, an invitation he was glad to accept; and I believe, careful to be punctual. Once more on board, all hands were invited to the cabin and the meeting commenced, the captain and mate leading in prayer, afterwards the missionary engaged in prayer, during which time the chief officer asked the third to offer a short prayer. But he said, 'O Sir, all I can say is, God be merciful to me a sinner.' The meeting being ended, each man held up his hand to signify that he was willing that service should be held on board on the Lord's day."



### Saved that very Day.

The following incident was given by Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, to the reporter of a London newspaper. It presents a clear view of the connection between the prayer of God's people and the divine response :

Some two years ago a poor woman, accompanied by two of her neighbors, came to my vestry in deep distress. Her husband had fled the country: in her sorrow she went to the house of God, and something I said in the sermon made her think I was personally familiar with her case. Of course I had known nothing about her. It was a general illustration that fitted a particular case. She told me her story, and a very sad one it was. I said: "There is nothing that we can do but to kneel down and cry to the Lord for the immediate conversion of your husband." We knelt down, and I prayed that the Lord would touch the heart of the deserter, convert his soul, and bring him back to his home. When we rose from our knees I said to the poor woman, "Do not fret about the matter. I feel sure your husband will come home; and that he will yet become connected with our church." She went away, and I forgot all about it. Some months after she reappeared with her neighbors and a man, whom she introduced to me as her husband. He had indeed come back, and he had returned a converted man.

On making inquiry and comparing notes we found that the very day on which we had prayed for his conversion, he, being at that time on board a ship far away on the sea, stumbled most unexpectedly upon a stray copy of one of

my sermons. He read it. The truth went to his heart. He repented and sought the Lord, and as soon as possible he returned to his wife and to his daily calling. He was admitted a member, and last Monday his wife, who up to that time had not been a member, was also received among us. That woman does not doubt the power of prayer. All the infidels in the world could not shake her conviction that there is a God that answereth prayer. I should be the most irrational creature in the world if, with a life every day of which is full of experiences so remarkable, I entertained the slightest doubt on the subject. I do not regard it as miraculous; it is part and parcel of the established order of the universe that the shadow of the coming event should fall in advance upon some believing soul in the shape of prayer for its realization. *The prayer of faith is a divine decree commencing its fulfilment.*

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### A Great Change.

One of the strangest conversions of our day is that of Lars Olsen Smith, of Sweden. From being the "brandy king" of that country, manufacturing and selling for years three-fourths of all the brandy consumed there, and realizing an income of over \$250,000 a year, he has become an uncompromising temperance reformer, and is endeavoring to elevate the social condition of his countrymen whom his brandy did so much to degrade. His conscience,—for he was evidently that rarest of all creatures, a liquor-dealer with a conscience—disquieted him as he reflected that he was responsible for three-fourths of the sin, misery, disease and death which resulted

from the brandy he sold. At first, having concluded that alcoholism was occasioned largely by the fusel-oil contained in alcohol, he erected seven rectifying factories for freeing brandy from impurities; but as the agents of the Gottenberg system, who had the monopoly of the liquor business in Sweden, would not sell his brandy, preferring the impure article, as it was cheaper, he went to work to break them down, and at the end of a year had driven the raw, impure spirit out of the market. As a substitute for the Gottenberg system, which he declared had developed into a gigantic means of demoralization and jobbery, he drafted a licensing bill fixing the license at \$1,500 a year and making it illegal to charge more than a fixed price, and has thus greatly reduced the number of drinking-places in Sweden. He has also used his large wealth in establishing popular savings' banks, building societies, coöperative stores, and public kitchens for supplying cheap and wholesome food to the poor. What a fortunate thing it might be, though the idea is hardly conceivable, if some of our whiskey lords or beer barons could attempt to repair the injury they have done to the community by adopting his words: "I think it is better to use the money I have gained in demoralizing and poisoning the people in undoing, as far as possible, the mischief that unwittingly I created."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

### The Christmas Night Watch.

Three sailors were at work in the fore part of one of our ships; one was humming the words,—  
 "In heaven above, where all is

love, there'll be no parting there." He stopped, and said to his mate,—"I'm so happy, for I know if I was to go at this minute, it would be straight away to heaven, because my soul is washed in the blood of the Lamb." The tears stood in the other man's eyes, and he said solemnly,—“Well, I won't tell no lies about it; if I was to go at this minute, I should go straight down to hell.” What told him this? His conscience, God's voice within; and the Bible, God's voice without; and the witness was true. There is a solemn question in the Bible; it is asked by God; and it has never been answered by angels, devils, men, or even God Himself:—"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Think of it, my brother, at this solemn time.—*From Miss Agnes Weston's Monthly Letter to Seamen.*

### Only One Nail.

REV. T. DE W. TALMAGE, in one of his sermons, recently said:—

A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box, a nail was driven too near the compass. You scientists know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officer deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, 'Land ho!' and the ship was halted within a few yards of her threatening demolition on Nantucket shoals. Thus a six-penny nail came near wrecking that Cunarder. Nothing is insignificant; a little thing may divert our path, and decide our all for time and eternity.



### The Site of Calvary.

In a recent lecture at Wands-worth, Captain Conder, R. E., of the Palestine Exploration Fund, gave his reasons for believing that the site of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre has been identified at last. The present "Holy Sepulchre" was certainly within the walls in our Lord's days. It is an old Jewish tomb which the Patriarch discovered in Constantine's days, and without more ado announced as the tomb of Christ. But (1) some years ago a tradition was discovered among old Spanish Jews long resident at Jerusalem as to the locality of the old place of execution; (2) Jewish writers of the second century describe the "house of stoning," and the description tallies with the spot indicated; (3) Christian tradition places the stoning of Stephen in the same locality; (4) Moham-

medan tradition holds the spot unlucky and the abode of ghouls; (5) Quite recently a tomb has been discovered standing alone close by (there are few solitary tombs in Palestine, careful search shows this to be the only tomb "nigh" to the spot); (6) The tomb differs from the oldest type of Hebrew tombs. They were bored straight into the rock horizontally, and the corpse was pushed in head foremost. Greek influence not long before Christ introduced shelf tombs, where an angel could have sat, one at the head, another at the feet. This tomb is one of these. They went out of use soon after Christ's time. Joseph's tomb was *new*. With a characteristic caution Captain Conder refuses to draw any assured conclusions as yet. The record of twenty years' exploration work, a volume of 600 pages, mainly by Captain Conder, is now appearing.

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### ISLANDS OFF BOSTON HARBOR—BOSTON LIGHT.

Sloops and schooners can find their way into the harbor through a northerly passage called Broad Sound, but for larger vessels the only entrance is that known as Nantasket Roads. It is scarcely more than a mile wide. At one side of it some pale yellow bluffs, deeply grooved by the rain, shoot up perpendicularly to a breezy houseless plateau, the advantages of which were recognized in Revolutionary times, as a series of old redoubts testify. At the seaward extremity these bluffs terminate in Point Allerton, and on the south they slope easily down to the slab-like crescent of Nantasket Beach, with its reproductions of Coney Island architecture and Coney Island diversions. At the other side a group of islands form

a natural breakwater, shouldering out the boisterous seas, and although the islands within the harbor add little to its attractiveness, these are memorably picturesque in a wild and rugged way. Eight of them are high enough out of the water to be habitable, and the group includes the Shag Rocks and the Graves, which the sea keeps for its own. The largest is the Great Brewster, which is sandy and barren, facing the sea with a yellow escarpment like the bluffs on the opposite shore; the others are masses of rock of irregular outline, which were probably shoved out into their present position by an ancient glacier, and though they have arable surfaces, there are few points in their circumference at which a landing

can be effected. These are the Middle Brewster, the Outer Brewster, the Little Brewster, Green Island, Calf Island, and Little Calf Island. The Little Brewster is the site of the graceful white pillar of Boston Light, which marks the entrance of the harbor for inward-bound mariners, and its only occupants are the keepers with their wives and children. The rest of the group are uninhabited during the greater part of the year, except by a few lobster-men, who have yielded nothing of their primitive simplicity to modern influences, and seem to be unconscious of the city which frets and toils so near them, though, if they cared to think of it, a purplish-gray cloud would reveal its proximity by day, and a dome of pale light by night.

Along the coast, both north and south, the summer boarder and the revelling excursionist have full sway; big hotels vying with those at Rockaway and Manhattan Beach have been built for them, and after dark the summer sky is set ablaze by the sheaves of rockets exploded for their amusement. But the Brewsters and their sister islands have been left happily alone. No ferry or telegraph links them with the mainland, and no wharf is there to make landing easy. The only way by which they can be reached is in a private boat, and when the easterly gales are blowing, flinging the surf over the Graves and the Shag Rocks, and dashing the spray as high as the top of the Middle Brewster, nothing can approach or leave them, and the isolation is complete.

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The Boston Light is at the very entrance of the channel, and the white shaft towers up from its

foundations in the reddish-brown rock of the little island like a saint in the desert. Its rays are visible sixteen miles away—one flash every thirty seconds, and with the twin lights of Thatcher's Island in the northeast and Minot's Ledge to the southward—an American Edystone, pillared in the sea—it defines the position of the harbor to the approaching mariner.

There has been a light here since 1715, for the "generall benifit to Trade," but the present tower was built in 1783, after the destruction of the original building by the British as they passed out of the harbor. It has been frequently strengthened and altered, and is now in excellent condition. The walls are six feet thick at the base and four feet at the top. The lantern is nearly one hundred feet above the ground, and is nearly ten feet in diameter. In this glass house a man can stand upright, and in the centre of it the illuminating apparatus revolves, emitting its penetrating flashes at intervals of thirty seconds. Under the tower there is a steam fog-horn, which splits the air with stentorian warnings when the weather is thick, and between the harsh trumpetings of this instrument the ear catches the moaning of the whistling-buoy anchored off the Graves, and the tolling of the bell-buoy which floats over the perilous Harding's Ledge.

But the custodians of the light have their Lares and Penates enshrined in the comfortable house which is connected with the tower by a covered passage; and when the curtains are drawn over the windows it is cheerful in there, even though the channel is choked with ice, and the winds blow as if they would rock the pillar with its six-foot walls off its foundations.



Music exerts its soothing spell through the medium of an accordion, played by Assistant-keeper Gorham; and sometimes, when the family join voices in "Hold the Fort" or "The Sweet By-and-By," Keeper Bates, carried away with rapture, urgently cries, "B'ar down thar, Edward; b'ar down on that instrument!" as if the accordion were the pump of a sinking ship, and salvation depended on the vigor of the performer.

The keepers occasionally have more exciting work to do than trimming their lamps and rubbing the moisture off the panes of glass in the lantern. Bates is possessor of the Humane Society's medal. He does not wear it on his breast, as bicycle-riders and roller-skaters wear their trophies; it is stowed away somewhere in a drawer, and he does not care to talk about it. It is, however, a memento of the time when the *Fanny Pike*, of Calais, was wrecked on the Shag Rocks, the ledge which extends seaward from the point of the Little Brewster. She struck and went to pieces during a very heavy northeasterly snow-storm, and, reckless of the tremendous sea, Bates put off in a small boat to rescue her crew, all of whom he saved, with the aid of Assistant-keeper Bailey and Charles Pochaska, a young fisherman belonging to the Middle Brewster.—*Harper's Magazine*.

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### The South Pole.

The greatest point of difference between the Arctic and the Antarctic regions lies in the fact that the former is dotted over with numerous islands, peninsulas, and isthmuses; whereas the latter is exposed to the dash of a vast and

deep ocean. Ross experienced from sweeping currents and winds, more than ever has to be borne by northern explorers. On one occasion, when he was becalmed for a few hours, the dead set of the ocean waves drifted the ships toward a range of huge icebergs, against which the sea broke with appalling violence. "Every eye was transfixed with the tremendous spectacle, and destruction appeared inevitable." The ships were thus driven on for eight hours, until within half a mile of the gigantic icebergs, when a gentle air began to stir; the ships yielded to the influence of the puff of wind, which gradually freshened into a gale; and before dark, to the heart-felt satisfaction of all on board, the ships emerged from their peril and got out into the wide ocean. Ross had good means of knowing how thoroughly Wilkes had been deceived concerning the appearance of land at a particular spot, for he spent three days searching for land which Wilkes had laid down on a chart; but six hundred fathoms depth of water was found in the very centre of the position assigned to the land on the chart. Ross arrived at the opinion that the American commander had been deceived either by ice islands or fog banks. We need not go into much further details concerning this expedition; but a few words may be quoted to show what kind of weather had to be borne in the very middle of the Antarctic summer, and in no higher latitude than sixty-six degrees.

For nine days the crews were alternately drifting, hauling, making fast, mending snapped hawsers, and making efforts to stem opposing currents. On the tenth day, during a thick fog, a gale came on from the north. "The

sea quickly rose to a fearful height, breaking off the loftiest icebergs; we were unable any longer to hold our ground, but were driven into the heavy pack under our lee. Soon after midnight our ships were involved in an ocean of floating fragments of ice, hard as floating blocks of granite, which were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence that their masts quivered as if they would fall at every successive blow, and the destruction of the ship seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. By backing and filling the sails, we endeavored to avoid collision with the larger masses, but this was not always possible. In the early part of the storm the rudder of the *Erebus* was so much damaged as to be no longer of any use; and about the same time I was informed by signal that the *Terror's* was completely destroyed, and nearly torn away from the stern-post. Hour passed away after hour without the least mitigation of these awful circumstances in which we were placed. Indeed, there seemed to be but little probability of our ships holding together much longer, so frequent and violent were the shocks they sustained. The loud, crashing noise of the straining and working of the timbers and decks as she was driven against some of the heavier pieces, which all the activity and exertions of our people could not prevent, was sufficient to fill the stoutest heart—that was not supported by trust in Him who controls all events—with dismay."

Whenever the gallant commander got south of sixty degrees or so, then the battling with ice began again and again. He once touched, as we have said, the

seventy-eighth parallel of latitude, and in all probability no human being has ever made a nearer approach to the South Pole—less by three or four hundred miles than the approach which has been recently made to the North Pole. What we know of the South Pole, then, is simply this, that nobody has got within seven or eight hundred miles of it; that icy barriers are met with quite eclipsing anything in the North Frigid Zone; that mountains have been seen (one shooting forth volcanic flames) loftier than any discovered by our northern explorers; that all the land is covered with snow at all seasons; that no human being has been met with beyond fifty-six degrees of latitude; that no vegetable growth except lichens, has been seen beyond fifty-eight degrees of latitude; and that no land quadruped is known to exist beyond sixty-six degrees of latitude.

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### Along the Dikes in Zeeland.

Skirting along the dikes, we had a good opportunity of seeing some of the incessant toil, some of the constant engineering and battling with the sea, to keep it at anything like a safe distance. The dikes about this island are perhaps the finest, the most constantly guarded, in all the country. The dike-workers are a distinct class, a guild, in fact, jealous of their craft and its rights and privileges. It is not the first-comer who may be a regular dike-worker, even if he should wish to be. We saw great gangs of them going from point to point with pick and shovel, ever on the lookout for weak spots in the great embankment, ever refacing it with miles of concrete, and strengthening every point with



strong groins running into the sea.

It was almost pathetic to note with what solicitude every blade of the binding bent-grass was coaxed to grow. Every little tuft was watched and tended as if it was some choice tulip. The top of the dike formed a level firm road, stretching away for miles. The sea looked so mild and gray and innocent as it gently lapped the edges of the mighty barriers that it seemed an effort to fancy it an enemy capable of mischief. The breezes were simply delicious and fresh, coming over the wide North Sea. Inland, the scenery was flat and grim and serious. Farmsteads in the far distance looked green and fat enough. Sheep and kine were plentiful about the rich fields. Just over the edge of the dikes were the little scattered hamlets of the fisher 'people and the poldermen; the dike-workers lived more of a roving life, camping out here and there as their work called them from one point to another. Sometimes the wind had blown up and the seas tossed up great long meandering mounds of sand, helping to back and strengthen the dikes. On these billowy hillocks the grass was carefully planted in little regular tufts, and stunted pines were set wherever the tempest would spare them to grow. All sorts of binding vegetation were carefully protected. The very children knew enough to let it alone. \* \* \* We stopped at Zoutland, and climbed to the top of the dunes to look about us and sniff the sea-breeze. Down far below us lay the village,—so far that had the waters swept over the rim of the sandy dike, the sea would have only reached its level when it played about the tail of the weather

cock on the gray old church tower. There are watchers ever on the lookout, day and night, calm and storm. No wonder that the set, anxious look one sees on every face, that seems to be born with every babe, should be the only characteristic expression one remarks among the people here.

When the watchers of the dikes see danger, the alarm-bell is rung, and every soul either flies to the dikes for safety, or to help the gangs of workers to stop the threatened breach. All was calm enough at that moment, the tide was far out, and yet the village seemed far below its level. The cottage window lights were twinkling in the gloom, as evening was just coming on. The church bell was tolling for evening service, and the warm glow of sunset just touched the top of its tower. Through the tall lancet windows one could see a flush of warm lamp-light within. All sounds and sights were of peace and calm, and yet there somehow came upon the imagination the grim reverse of the picture: the clanging alarm-bell, the hurrying to and fro, the wild fight for safety from the mad hungry sea. We were feeling deadly oppressed by the prevailing seriousness of the place.—*Harper's Magazine.*

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### Lives Lost at Sea.

A late return to the English Parliament showed that the loss of seamen's lives in British ships was 1,804 in 1883, 1,258 in 1882, 2,023 in 1881, 1,440 in 1880, 990 in 1879, and 796 in 1878.

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WHAT, MY HEART, if summer rain  
Did not beat and bend the grain?

So be patient in thy woe;

God sends grief that thou may'st grow.

*President Buckham.*

## Sailors' Letters.

Capt. THOMAS PIKE, of New Foundland, from whose warm Christian heart the readers of the MAGAZINE heard in its issue for June, keeps up the chain of correspondence with the missionary at the SAILORS' HOME, in this city, who was God's agent, years since, in leading him to Christ. We make extract from his last epistle, dated May 14th, '84, at Carbonear, N. F.:—

"I do not forget you although we are widely separated. It is possible that our prayers often meet at the mercy seat in each other's behalf. Often in offering up my prayer to God that memorable night and all of you who are in New York come up before me fresh as ever. I know you would like to hear how is it with my soul.

"It is well with my soul! it is well! praise the Lord! Praise Him with me. I thank God that to-day I can rejoice in God, my Savior. I went out in His fear, and I am returning in His love. Through all trials and temptations His grace is sufficient for me. Knowing that I am His by redemption, that He has washed me, dear brother, my heart is often full to overflowing. Then I look back to the time and place and to you all where and when God spoke to my soul, saying,—'Go in peace and sin no more.'

"What a glorious change! Praise the Lord! I am a brand plucked from the burning, a soul saved through love and mercy. I cannot express my feelings in words. How it fills my heart, my soul, with joy! Thank God that from then up to the present my march

has been onward and upward, knowing that if I am faithful my prayers and tears will not be in vain,—that there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only but to you, my dear brother, and to all that love his appearing."

The next two letters came to us from Yokohama, Japan, forwarded thence, by their recipient, Mr. AUSTEN, sailor-missionary. The first, from a seaman at Hong Kong, China, is dated 3rd March, 1884:—

"I write these few lines to you hoping that they may find you in good health and happiness, as they leave me. I wrote a few letters to you, but I suppose the 'Bum-boat' man did not post them. I know if you had received my letters I should have received an answer. I will post this letter myself, and be sure it will reach you.

"Ever since I left you I have felt great happiness and peace. My Savior is all the time around me, wherever I go. I can truly say:—

"I've reached the land of corn and wine;  
And all its riches freely mine;—  
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,  
For all my night has passed away!"

"I cannot be grateful enough to you and to Mrs. A. that you were so kind and showed me the way to heaven. In the month of August I had very sorrowful news from home. My father in doing his work had a fall into the river and was drowned. But it was our Master's will, and God's will be done!

"I have been very often tempt-



ed here, but just in my hardest trials God let me find a friend in the Rev. Dr. EITEL, Inspector of Schools, who is a countryman of mine and a good Christian.\*

"You must know that since April last year, I have been on board the German man-of-war *Stosch*. One night I had leave to go ashore and I went into the Seamen's Chapel. There was this gentleman preaching a sermon. After the meeting he came to me and asked where I belonged. We found that we belong to the same town. He invited me to his home and since then I am his steady guest when I am ashore.

"It may be that our ship in the run of this year shall come to Yokohama. There I will be happy to visit you. My best respects and compliments to you and family. Yours sincerely,

E. B."

—  
An English seaman writes to Mr. AUSTEN, Aug. 5th, '84, from the steamship *Antinous*, at Singapore, E. I.:

"Excuse me for not writing to you for so long a time. I assure you that although I have not written you have not been forgotten. How could I forget dear friends with whom I have spent so many happy hours! God bless you all is my prayer.

"I could not feel that it was the last time I would have the pleasure of seeing you when last we parted. My intention was to go back to Yokohama again, as soon as I got clear of the U. S. S. *Monocacy*, but when I was paid off I got a place in this English steamer, for London, and thought that would be too good a chance for me to throw away, as I wanted

to go home. I am now on my way home, and shall write as soon as I get there. Pray for me, that I may be kept faithful, and be the means of bringing others to Jesus Christ.

"I can assure you that there are some very hard men in this fore-castle. They are all young men, and the only thing they seem to think of is London and its evils. One night when all hands were in the fore-castle, I told them that I was saved by the grace of God, and of all the Lord had done for me, and what He has promised to do for all that will believe in Him. I have since then spoken to several of them in private, but I have not seen the full fruit of it yet. Still I trust in God that He will not let His word return to Him void. One of the worst men signed the pledge with me the other day. May God help him to keep it!

"Shortly before I left the *Monocacy* two men were converted. Praise the Lord!

"When you write to me let me know how little BERTIE is getting on. Please remember me kindly to Mr., Mrs., and Miss B., and to Dr. G. and others that may remember me. I hope Mrs. AUSTEN is well, she has been a true friend to me. God bless her for it!—I shall never forget her. Good bye, my dear friends. I can assure you, it touches my heart to write this word 'Good bye,' as it brings me to think that I may never see you again on earth. But my prayers shall always be to God for His blessings to rest on you and the work which He has given you to do. Now, remember me as a true and faithful friend and brother in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"O give thanks to the Lord for He is good, His mercy endureth forever. F. B."

\* Vide p. 302, of this issue of the MAGAZINE.

## THE UNCEASING MELODY

## I.

Like some pink shell, that will not cease  
 Its murmur of the sea,  
 My heart sings on without release  
 This anthem full and free:—  
*“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace  
 Whose mind is stayed on Thee.”*

## II.

The music of the melody  
 Has floated down the years,—  
 A soul-subduing harmony,  
 It elevates and cheers.  
 And, like the voice of Deity,  
 It dissipates all fears.

## III.

Beyond the sounds of earthly strife,  
 Beyond the frown and sigh,  
 Beyond the world with discord rife,  
 It lifts the soul on high,  
 To find a calm and restful life,  
 By faith in Christ brought nigh.

## IV.

There perfect peace surrounds the soul  
 Whose trust on God is stayed,—  
 While pressing onward to the goal,  
 It hears, all undismayed,  
 The deep notes of the music roll  
 Through sunlight and through shade.

## V.

And this is why, without release,  
 My heart sings full and free  
 The anthem that will never cease  
 Through all Eternity,—  
*“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace  
 Whose mind is stayed on Thee.”*

*Helen Chauncey, in Parish Visitor.*



### Notable Excerpts.

From a particularly valuable number of *Word on the Waters*,—organ of the P.E., (London, Eng.,) Missions to Seamen—the organization through which the Established Church of England does its work for sailors, that for July, 1884,—we quote as follows, and each extract will repay careful reading:—

#### *The Society's Primary Sphere of Labor.*

“The roadstead was our original and, by our third fundamental rule, must always be our primary sphere of work; and I am satisfied that any one who has even once spent a day afloat with one of our roadstead chaplains must feel that this ought so to be. There may be, and often are, difficulty, exposure, and danger in reaching and boarding ships in outer roadsteads, but when we get on board we find such opportunities for assembling the captains and crews (in their own ships) for united worship and the preaching of Christ, and for dealing quietly and directly with them individually as, I believe, can be found no where else in the whole world. The men are all on board and usually disengaged and willing to receive us, and there are no public-houses, and no landsharks to tempt and distract them from us.

“Not only English seamen, but foreign seamen of all maritime nations receive us favorably when we thus visit them in the roadstead. They listen to our teaching when we can speak their languages, they thankfully receive tracts and scripture portions from us in their native tongues, and they prove their sincerity by purchasing from us Bibles and Testaments in some twenty-three languages, and the Prayer Book in seven languages, to read on board ship and to carry to their distant homes. It is true that they soon sail away from us, but they carry with them the words of eternal life, which through the power of the Holy Ghost can make them wise unto salvation. It is a characteristic of godly seamen that they become special students of the pure word of God, as distinguished from all other religious books, and hence their religion has a simplicity, a reality, a force, a fervor, and a freshness too often lacking in many religious shore-folk. Four hundred and thirty-seven godly masters and mates of merchant vessels have been induced to enroll themselves as Missions to Seamen

(volunteer) Helpers, and to hold services and Bible classes at sea, and otherwise to recognize and discharge their Christian responsibilities to their crews. Who can estimate the blessing which these captains and officers bring to their crews, and the blessing which they and their crews bring to other people when they conduct themselves soberly, righteously, and godly, in seaport towns at home and abroad?

“Before this work began in the roadstead, and until it had time to tell upon the long-neglected mass of seamen, efforts to reach them in seaport towns had been for the most part unsuccessful. Men who knew nothing of true religion on board their ships, and at sea, could not be got to attend to it in their times of excitement and riotous, sinful indulgence on shore. But when our roadstead work was well established, and had begun to tell, we soon found a demand springing up for chaplains and scripture readers, church ships, churches, and seamen's institutes in the docks and beside the quays, in both British and foreign seaports. The roadstead has special advantages for sowing the seeds of scriptural teaching, and for warning seamen against their strong and subtle temptations on shore, while in our dock and quay stations we follow this up by further instruction, and by helping them to cultivate Christian habits and resist the temptation which surrounds them. This work has proved very beneficial, and is much appreciated in our seaport stations at home; but there is a still stronger call for Christian effort on behalf of British seamen in foreign ports. There they reside chiefly on board their ships, and are not scattered as in English seaport towns. There, too, they are specially helpless from ignorance of the language and customs of the country, and fall an easy prey to those base Englishmen, as well as foreigners of both sexes, who are ever on the watch to lure them to their ruin. There, on the other hand, they are glad to welcome our chaplains and scripture-readers as fellow-countrymen of the same faith and the same tongue, and as friends whom they can trust.”

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#### *Present Aspects of Religious Work for Sailors.*

Admiral J. C. PREVOST, R. N., said at the last annual meeting of the Society that “if at this late hour, he might be permitted to say a word or two, he should

like to add his personal testimony to the value of the work going on among sailors. He was a sailor himself, and he scarcely dared to tell them, what he remembered very vividly himself, of the early days when he first went to sea. For twenty-five years, however, there had been a gradual increase of true religion among sailors; there could be no doubt of that, for it was abundantly manifest. In Bombay, six years ago, he went on board a vessel and found no less than eight crews assembled there; and what for? They had met together to render thanks to God for having safely brought them into port. He had witnessed many similar meetings among sailors. Then, again, among those who accompanied him on this visit were some dear Christian sisters. The Archbishop had reminded them that sailors knew nothing of the good influence of women on board ship, but it was not so now in our harbors, for there was not a harbor in which dear Christian women were not found at work. He had heard with great satisfaction of the number of sailors who had joined the ranks of temperance. They had had hundreds sign the pledge, and no one would ever know, perhaps the good which would follow."

#### *A New Devil's Device.*

In a record of labor among the "North Sea Fishing Fleet" the Society's missionary reports:—

"One other remark I have to make, and that is concerning the Dutch bombs or rather vessels fitted up by the Dutch as floating grog shops. The fishermen tell me that but a short time ago the Lowestoft fishermen used to patronize these floating "copers" to an alarming extent, and some terrible scenes and gross neglect of duty used to occur from the same, but now, thank God, they are scarcely ever used by Lowestoft fishermen. The twelve days that I was with the fleet I never saw one visit paid to them, though one or more of them were cruising about the fleet every day. The captain of one of the vessels of our fleet told me of the following conversation which took place between him and the skipper of one of these floating disgraces. He ran his craft alongside the smack and hailed him thus:—"Holloa, Captain F., me no see you for long time, you come aboard and drink schnapps?" *Captain:* "No, me no drink now." *Dutchman:*

"Vel, vel, vel, you buy cigar and tobacco." *Captain:* "No, me no smoke now." *Dutchman:* "Vel, vel, vel! you come and buy sweets," meaning cordials, and again the answer was "No." *Dutchman:* "Vel, vel, vel! you no drink, no smoke, vat you do?" *Captain:* "Oh! me plenty schoff" (to eat). *Dutchman:* "Ah, me plenty schoff too," and away he sailed to another craft, to again receive the definite answer of "No!"

#### **"The Dingley Shipping Bill."**

We acknowledge receipt of a copy of "The U. S. Shipping Act approved June 26th, 1884, and Treasury Department Regulations thereunder," from the Secretary of the N. Y. Maritime Association.

In this connection, and as supplementing views often presented in the MAGAZINE, and seldom more forcibly than by Rev. R. S. STUBBS, our own chaplain at Portland, Oregon, in our September number,—we print his comments on this bill, from the *Oregonian* of that city, of date July 25th, 1884:—

*To the Editor of the Oregonian:—*

"For some years past many of the best minds of this nation have been laboring and petitioning for legislation substantially in the form of the shipping law known as the Dingley bill, recently passed by the Congress of the United States.

"Section 10 of this bill contains provisions especially displeasing to a certain class of sailor boarding house keepers, whom, for brevity's sake, in this article I will designate the Algerines.

"This class and their allies,—the Mamelukes,—are especially displeased with and opposed to this bill because, among other things, it abolishes the advance note system and forbids remuneration for furnishing crews to ships, *i. e.*, 'blood money!'

"From the first paragraph of section 10 I take these words: 'It shall be and is hereby made unlawful in any case to pay any seaman wages before leaving the port at which any seaman may be engaged in advance of the time when he has actually earned the same, or to pay such advance wages to any other person, or to

pay any person other than an officer authorized by act of Congress to collect fees for such service, any remuneration for the shipment of seamen. Any person paying such advance wages or such remuneration shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than four times the amount of the wages so advanced or remuneration so paid, and may be also imprisoned for a period not exceeding six months.' Persons at all familiar with the advance note system and the uses made of it by the Algerines and their allies know that it has been made the prolific source of numerous villainies and frauds practiced upon seamen. As might be expected, therefore, these classes are enraged, talk of pooling their interests so as to delay ships by withdrawing crews from them, and in various ways, if possible, to render the law inoperative. Having so long and so shamefully filched owners and despoiled sailors, they do not enjoy this turn in the affairs of men.

"To prejudice the bill in the eyes of the nation, it is also affirmed that 'sailors themselves are opposed to it?' That some sailors may range themselves with the Algerines and the Mamelukes in opposition to this bill, we should expect, for even elephants are trained to assist in the capture of their own kindred by those who enrich themselves by enslaving these noble animals. It will doubtless be found that such sailors are of the class from whom come the notorious 'beach combers,' the 'venal strikers' and steerers who do as instinctively attach themselves to the worst class of sailor boarding-houses as do barnacles to ships' bottoms, and suckers to sharks' backs.

"Of such as these were the men who boarded the *Ironsides* at Astoria a few months since in defiance of law, abducted a part of her crew in open day, took them ashore and distributed them among the sailor boarding-houses that sympathized with the lawless procedure. Such sailors will blow like grampuses; and like harpooned whales, that lash the sea to foam, in their dying flurry, they, with the Algerines, will kick up quite a noise to make people believe that good and true seamen are opposed to this new shipping law.

"The intelligent friends of seamen, and of the real welfare of our mariners, will not be misled or discouraged by their bruit, or misunderstand its meaning. They are going to make a great rumpus

because this bill hurts them, just as low saloon keepers and their allies make such a noise about the high license ordinance because it hurts them.

"Because of the facility with which the old advance note system enabled the Algerines to make money out of owners of ships and out of seamen, it has been their invariable policy to incite crews to desert from their ships; from Callao to Port Townsend, probably not less than 60 per cent. of all foreign ships have thus been made to pay tribute to them. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been stolen in these ways year by year, through and under cover of advance notes, and it is contrary to human nature to expect these classes quietly to look on and meekly to acquiesce in the provisions of a bill that cuts them off from such rank harvests of gain. These men know full well that their old business of inducing crews to desert will cease to be the lucrative affair it once was if the bill is not repealed, or declared to be unconstitutional. The Dingley bill, therefore, will practically diminish the desertions by making it unprofitable for the Algerines to fill their houses with deserters.

"*Second.*—In the second place this bill will relieve ship owners from paying such immense sums of money, as, under the old regime, have been exacted to pay advance notes, and bonuses, or blood money. It is safe to affirm, we believe, that not more than 65 or 70 per cent. of moneys paid to the Algerines on advance notes ever reached the seamen in whose names those advance notes were drawn up. Twenty-five to 40 per cent. of those vast sums, and all the blood money, has gone to nourish the Algerine rapacity of many of those who are now so loud in their denunciations of this bill.

"*Thirdly.*—The practical tendency of this bill will be to place mariners' homes and all honorable sailor boarding houses in normal and mutually beneficial relations with ship-owners and their agents and the sailor. Under its operations seamen will gradually learn what they have long since forgotten, seemingly, that they are their own property, and not the chattels personal of the Algerines, as at this time. Gradually they will get into the way of selecting their own ships and voyages, and of making their own contracts directly with the captains with whom they are to sail, without submitting to officious or even malicious intermeddling of third parties. Other laborers do this, why should not sailors?



“When these changes are realized, then the potent temptations that have so often prevailed with impecunious or morally weak ship masters to accept ‘a divy’ from the very men they know they are robbing their owners will be removed. That there have been such captains cannot be denied, and their greed has been one of the buttresses of the old system of robbery which this new shipping law aims to break up. Of course whenever such captains express themselves, under whatever mask or guise, they will join in the cry against this bill.

“*Fourthly.*—The practical tendency of this bill will be to place seamen on the same plane of self-reliance and self-help with other laborers, and this lesson will prove of incalculable benefit to them. The traditional jack-tar of the novelist is a thing of the past. With the annihilation of space by telegraph and steam, each year seamen are becoming more and more marine day laborers, mere ‘deck-hands,’ and contracts with them should more and more correspond to those made with their brother laborers on shore or on coastwise steam vessels.

“There is no good reason why ‘deep water’ sailors should receive wages before they have earned them, any more than should crews of steamships plying between Portland and San Francisco, or laborers on farms. Wages unearned paid in advance to seamen do not benefit them; on the contrary, they harm them somewhat as a sugar plum given to a naughty child. Unearned advance wages paid to seamen are a kind of bonus to improvidence and shiftlessness and childishness. Hence of the one million of sailors of the world to-day, probably not less than 500,000 of them are sailing around the globe working out their advance notes,—or to use their own words, they are ‘eating up dead horse.’ Multitudes of them will reach their destinations at the expiration of two or three months’ passages with not a dollar due to them,—only to fall into the hands of the Algerines to be sent off again in a few days or hours to ‘eat dead horse,’ *i. e.*, to work out the money charged to them on advance notes, a large part of which they never received. This is the monotonous history of many a sailors’ hard, storm-tossed and wretched life,—the result of the advance note system. It has become proverbial that the sailor is improvident. In this he shows himself human, for all men are improvident, as a rule, who have the spending of other people’s money. Unearned ad-

vance wages paid to sailors is money that does not yet belong to them and they spend it accordingly,—hence practically the advance note system engenders improvidence and nourishes shiftlessness among seamen, and it stimulates dishonesty and generates villainy among the landmen who get these notes from seamen; and thus we have the Algerines to whom so many seamen are sold and reduced to perpetual bondage by the advance note system which this bill is designed to abolish.

“*Fifthly.*—The practical effect of this bill will be to facilitate the shipping of crews in American ships sailing from Pacific coasts port to Europe, because by its provisions crews may be paid off and receive the wages due to them without being compelled to lose one or two months’ wages, as under the old law.

“*Sixthly.*—The tendency of this bill will be to equalize wages throughout the world, for by it seamen can be discharged in foreign ports, consequently they will be apt to claim their discharge in ports where wages are high, and owners will be apt to give them their discharge in ports where wages are low.

“*Finally,* as no advance wages can be paid hereafter, when are the debts due to boarding-house keepers to be paid? To this the bill answers: ‘When he has actually earned the same.’ Suppose wages are \$30 a month, and a sailor owes a bill for \$30, if he goes away in a ship that bill can be paid by the representatives of the ship in thirty days. If he owes a bill of \$60 it can be paid in sixty days after the time of the man’s going on board.

“If my conclusions are correct, as I believe they are, then the Dingley bill ought not to be opposed. The only effect to which any objection can be raised by those who desire to deal honestly with ship owners and with seamen, is the delay which may and will take place in the payment of indebtedness incurred by seamen for board, outfits, etc.”

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SHELTER of the shelterless,  
Cover Thou my weariness;  
With Thy peace, a tent, most fair,  
Screen me from this earthly glare,  
And Thy consolations shed  
On my head.

Sweeter than the balm of sleep  
When the eyes forget to weep.

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &amp;c.

## At Stations on the Foreign Field.

## Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, sailor missionary, writes, August 25th, that he has had another attack of paralysis, and is forced to rest for the present, from labor. A Sabbath evening meeting for seamen is still sustained in the sailor-district of the city.

## Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, sailor-missionary, transmits August 16th, a letter from chaplain CRAWFORD, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. *Richmond*, which shows his appreciation of work done on board the *R.*, in Yokohama:—

“U. S. S. RICHMOND,

NAPLES, Italy, June 29th, 1884.

“DEAR BROTHER AUSTEN:—We reached this port the 27th, all well. We have now traveled more than 10,000 miles from Yokohama, and have not had a single day of bad weather. I am very grateful to God for his mercy. We had an exceedingly pleasant time at Batavia. The men were granted liberty and conducted themselves very well indeed. We left there May 1st, and were 33 days to Aden,—not a bad trip for a slow ship. The passage through the Red Sea was simply horrible, on account of the extreme heat, but we suffered no harm from it. We have expected to go from here to Villa Franca, but cholera has appeared in Toulon, so that I doubt if we go to France at all. I hope soon to send you a letter from my own home.

“Services have been well attended recently, and there seems to be a good religious feeling among a number of the men. But the crew, as a whole, is an exceedingly difficult one to get any hold upon. The most of them seem to have no feeling of gratitude for anything that I can do for their comfort. However, God's word cannot return unto Him void, and Eternity may show unexpected fruits of my labors here.

“Your proposed change of base strikes me favorably, as I think a place nearer the landing will be a decided advantage. I hope to hear how you like your new quarters; and if I can do anything for you in the United States, I hope you will call upon me freely. I don't think that I shall ever lose my great interest in your work. The time I spent in Japan was one of the most pleasant and profitable portions of my life thus far. I trust I may never lose the spiritual blessings that I received there. Capt. SKERRETT was pleased to hear from you, and requested to be remembered most kindly to Mrs. A. and yourself. I hope that you have met chaplain HOLWAY, and that you like him, and I know that he will appreciate your help. I presume that you have been here. I have not been on shore, but propose to start out to-morrow for a number of days of sight-seeing.

“David Webster would want to send his love, if he knew that I was writing. Our Good Templars are now filling the principal petty officers' billets in the ship.

“There was not much to write about when I started out, but I wanted you to know that I think of you all often, and pray for you every day of my life.

“With Christian love for all the members of your family circle, I remain,

Yours very faithfully,  
G. A. C.”

## Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

By last advices from Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, over date Sept. 2nd, '84, from San Francisco, we hear that the new pastor of the Bethel Church at Honolulu, Rev. Mr. OGGE from Chicago, Ill., had reached his post of labor, and been cordially welcomed by church and parish, and people generally. Rev. Dr. D., in expressing his satisfaction at this, adds:—  
“While city work and visits among seamen will still be my work (at H.), with occasional preaching, I shall be able to assist my son in his arduous labor among the Chinese, which is work enough for a half dozen good missionaries.”

## At Ports in the United States.

## Massachusetts.

BOSTON.

The old Bethel of Father Taylor at North Square, Boston, has been sold to the Italians, of whom there are some 8,000 families in Boston, for religious and educational purposes. The Boston Port and Seaman's Aid Society held a farewell service in the structure. The Society will occupy for the present the Mariner's Home, just opposite the Bethel, but will build a new structure somewhere in the neighborhood.—*Congregationalist*.

## Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. NAVY YARD.

From Chaplain CRANE, we hear that the monthly meetings of the U. S. Naval Temperance Union have been continued through the summer without interruption, as also the religious services at the Yard, and have been well attended. Earnest and effective addresses have been delivered by Mrs. PARTINGTON of Maine, by Captain SWAIN, and Messrs. AULT, WOODS, MONTIGNANI and BROMELL of Brooklyn, and musical assistance has been rendered by other members of the Y. M. C. A., the Mizpah Gospel Temperance Association, and the Good Templar Order, especially by *Amulet Lodge*. The membership of the Union has been increased by nearly a hundred signatures to the total abstinence pledge, making over four hundred now enrolled.

The chaplain has received the following letter from Miss WESTON, Honorary Superintendent of Sailors' Rests and Institutes at Devonport, Eng., and other stations of the Royal Navy.

DEVONPORT, August, 6th, 1884.

"My dear Sir:—

"I have been much interested in reading in some American monthlies of your great work among the seamen of the U. S. Navy, and the Temperance Society which

you have started. I have been engaged as a personal worker for many years among the blue jackets of our Royal Navy and would venture to ask your prayers. We have a ROYAL NAVAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, and also a ROYAL NAVAL PURITY SOCIETY. The temperance men in our navy stand at about 12,000, more than one-sixth of the service. Our Purity Society, started only a year, now numbers 400. I am sending you our "Royal Monthly Blue Backs," "Brigade News," &c., &c. The "Blue Backs" are sent to your Navy. I shall be delighted to send you a parcel monthly, for distribution, if you will accept them.

"With earnest prayers for God's blessing on your own soul and on your work for Him among the sailors,

"Believe me, yours very truly,  
AGNES E. WESTON."

## Texas.

GALVESTON.

"Our work begins to be more among sailors," writes Rev. E. O. MCINTIRE, Sept. 10th, "than during the summer. We have now two English steamships, two Norwegian vessels and a number of American craft in port. I hold a Sabbath evening service especially for sailors. Have arranged with a Norwegian brother to hold services in that language at 3 p. m. Sabbaths. I attend and take part. I also hold a prayer-meeting for seamen Thursday nights. An American captain asked prayers, at the last one. He seemed anxious to become a Christian."

## Long Terms of Service.

Such has been that of our Loan Library No. 3,647, which was originally sent to sea from our Rooms in New York, Jan. 11th, 1871, on the ship *Henry Pelham* of Yarmouth, bound for Hamburg, in care of Capt. Vickery, 16 men in its crew. After one return and reshipment where it did good service, it came back to us a second time and was reshipped June 27th, 1884 from our Rooms, on the schooner *Palos* of New York, bound for New Or-



leans, La., in care of Capt. Eldridge, 8 men. In its thirteen years life and work it has no doubt already accomplished much good.

But that will hardly compare, in its length, with another which has just come to our attention,—and we present the record of the latter, in full. It is that of Loan Library No. 1006, contributed by the Congregational S. S. in Wellfleet, Mass., March 4th, 1864.

It was first placed, Feb. 16th, 1864, on the ship *Emerald Isle* of New York, bound for San Francisco, in care Capt. H. E. Scott, 43 men in the crew.

Next, having done its work on that vessel, it came back to us after five years, and was placed, May 18th, 1869, on the brig *Keystone* of Boston, in care Capt. Bartow, 10 men.

Since that time its returns to us at New York, and its reshipments by us, have been frequent, and as follows:—

September 21st, 1876, on the schr. *H. F. Williams* of Great Egg Harbor, bound for Jacksonville, Fla., in care Capt. Wilson, 8 men.

June 21st, 1877, on the schr. *J. F. Chandlers* of Parsboro, N. S., for Aspinwall, in care Capt. Merriam, 7 men.

February 22nd, 1878, on the schr. *E. J. Hamilton* of New York, for Para, in care Capt. Mills, 6 men.

February 21st, 1879, on the schr. *Ephraim* and *Anna* of Philadelphia, for Virginia, in care Capt. Hoffman, 6 men.

December 6th, 1883, on schr. *Mary Wood* of Patchogue, L. I., in care Capt. Yarrington, 4 men.

May 21st, 1884, on schr. *Equator* of Nassau, for Harbor Island, in care of Capt. Albury, 6 men.

We have, therefore, for this one loan library, of some 36 books at its first, make up,—and these carefully looked over and vacant places refilled by us, when needful,—a career of over twenty years' service for sailors and for the Lord,—with shipments on eight different vessels and availability upon them to 90 seamen. This last figure, however, by no means gives the full number of its sailor-readers, for by change of crews in other ports, they were much increased,—how much we cannot say,—but largely.

And if such a record as that does not stir the original donors of No. 1,006 in our series of more than 8,000 such Loan Libraries for sailors, sent out since 1858-9, to prayer for God's blessing on this one, and to the sending forth of another like messenger of comfort and salvation for the men of the sea,—we trust it may have that effect upon some other Sabbath School, or individual. In this connection we refer our readers to the page next preceding the third page of the cover, in this issue of the MAGAZINE.

### The Desert Palm Reports,

Which we print in *The Life Boat* accompanying this MAGAZINE (*vide* pp. 332-4,) are worthy the considerate study of any and every person who has the interest of the Kingdom of Christ at heart. They point out a way in which honest, patient, and successful effort to extend that Kingdom, and give to its Head His final and permanent supremacy in men's hearts,—is yet to “work for Jesus,” quite beyond anything, in degree, which the world has ever seen. The results of such effort by these two children are no more beautiful in themselves, than they are worthy of regard as an incentive to imitation. Therefore we have given to them full space.

### Obituary.

CHARLES A. CARTER,

Who entered into rest at Newark, N. J., August 23rd, 1884, where he had been an esteemed citizen forty years, was born in Portland, Me., in 1807. It was my privilege to be brought into intimate relations with him nearly half a century ago, and I highly appreciated his many virtues. An Assistant Superintendent of the New York Hospital, then located at 319 Broadway, was wanted, and on my recommendation he was appointed. He was like an angel of mercy to the sick sailors, and his interest in the toilers of the sea continued to the close of life. He was a frequent contributor to the columns of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*. L. P. H.

### Books, Etc.

THE JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. Edited by John A. Paine. July, 1884, pp. 140. Quarterly, \$2.50 per an-

num. 30 Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

The present issue contains Visual Memory, by Prof. H. F. Osborn, Princeton, N. J.; Claims of the Apostles as to Inspiration, by Rev. C. F. Thwing, Cambridge, Mass.; God's Method in the Bible, by D. W. Faunce, D. D., Washington, D. C.; The Fruit of the Spirit, by Rev. W. H. Cobb, Uxbridge, Mass.; The Physiological Features of the Crucifixion, by T. A. Hoyt, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miracles *versus* the Continuity of Nature, by Rev. F. W. Ryder, Greenwich, R. I.; Is the Bible free from Historical and Scientific Errors? by Rev. A. P. Foster, Jersey City, N. J.; Is Evangelical Christianity Obsolete? by Rev. C. L. Cooden, Princeton, N. J.; The Causes and Tendencies of Popular Scepticism, by Rev. W. Smith, Hudson, N. Y.; The Old Testament Tested, by Rev. W. F. Crafts, New York City; and A Naturalist's Visit to Egypt, by Principal J. W. Dawson, Montreal, Canada.

### Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

AUGUST, 1884.

Total arrivals.....	141
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$2,295
of which \$516 were sent to relatives and friends, \$200 were deposited in Savings Banks, and \$1,533 were returned to boarders.	

### Planets for October, 1884.

MERCURY is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 33m., and north of east 5° 13'; is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 5th at 3 o'clock, being 17° 58' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 8th when it rises at 4h. 27m., and north of east 3° 42'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 17th at 8h. 10m., being 2° 1' north.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 7h. 11m., and north of east 17° 23'; is in conjunction with Jupiter at 11 o'clock on the forenoon of the 6th, being 1° 15' south; is in conjunction with Leonis at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 7th, being 55' south; is in conjunction with the Moon at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 15th, being 3° 35' north.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 7 o'clock, and south of west 21° 29'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 21st at 6h. 27m., being 2° 1' north.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st at 2h. 29m., and north of east 13° 12'; is in conjunction with the Moon at 9m. past noon on the 14th, being 4° 42' north.

SATURN on the morning of the 1st is due south at 4h. 53m., being 21° 52' north of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Taurus on the

forenoon of the 5th at 8 o'clock; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 9th at 4h. 2m., being 3° 30' north.  
New York University.

R. H. B.

### Receipts for August, 1884.

<b>MAINE.</b>	
Bangor, 1st Cong. S. S.....	\$ 12 00
<b>NEW HAMPSHIRE.</b>	
Gilsum, Cong. church.....	1 50
Rindge, Cong. church.....	78
<b>VERMONT.</b>	
East Barnet, Mrs. M. B. Blanchard..	1 00
<b>MASSACHUSETTS.</b>	
Andover, West Parish Seamen's Friend Society, of which to const. Richard I. Dodson and Mrs. Frances R. Beard, L. M's, \$60.....	71 00
Attleboro, The Ladies' Sewing Society of 2nd Cong. church for lib'y....	20 00
Boxford, Mrs. Wm. P. Alcott.....	5 00
Brockton, 1st Cong. church.....	25 00
Dalton, Cong. church.....	24 44
Dorchester Village, Cong. S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00
Grafton, A friend.....	2 00
Ipswich, 1st Cong. church.....	21 00
Millbury, 1st Cong. church.....	13 05
Newbury, Cong. church.....	11 96
Newburyport, Whitfield church.....	5 65
Norfolk, Cong. church.....	2 05
Pittsfield, 1st Cong. church.....	45 20
Salem, Tabernacle ch. and Soc'y.....	26 32
South Weymouth, 2nd Cong. church to const. T. P. Hobart, L. M.....	30 00
Westboro, From "Band G," for lib'y	21 00
<b>RHODE ISLAND.</b>	
Pawtucket, Central Falls Cong. ch...	25 00
<b>CONNECTICUT.</b>	
Bristol, A friend.....	10 00
Danielsonville, Westfield Cong. church and congregation, of which \$20 for lib'y.....	30 00
Greenwich, A friend.....	5 00
Hartford, S. B. Mallet.....	5 60
Mansfield, Centre Cong. ch. for lib'y..	21 50
Meriden, O. B. Arnold.....	20 00
New London, Trust estate of Henry P. Haven, of New London, Conn.	500 00
Plainville, Cong. church.....	23 75
West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church and Society, additional.....	5 00
<b>NEW YORK.</b>	
Cortland, H. Lyman.....	2 00
Edgewater, 1st Pres. church.....	24 00
Herkimer, Estate of Mrs. Caroline Taylor, deceased, of Gloversville, N. Y., per Henry Churchill, ex'r., for lib's, \$100, and to const. James H. Burr, of Gloversville, N. Y., Warner Miller, of Herkimer, N. Y., and Henry D. Moore, of Roxbury, Mass., L. M's., \$90.....	190 00
New York City, S. T. Gordon, for lib'y	20 00
Noxon, Mrs. H. E. Noxon.....	2 00
Troy, James H. Kellogg, books for library, valued at.....	30 00
<b>NEW JERSEY.</b>	
Newark, 3rd Pres. church S. S.....	20 00
Plainfield, Mrs. Harry B. Kaufman, for lib'y.....	20 00
<b>KANSAS.</b>	
Rock Creek, Norman Savage.....	2 00

\$1,304 20




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"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

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## "What For, Why?"

BY BIRDALANE.

"Teacher!"

It was Nannie's faint, sweet voice from the bed. I had thought her sleeping in the interval of fever, and standing beside the low-burning wood-fire I was asking myself,—does she know enough of her need of a Savior and enough of Christ's purchased salvation to accept it? She was twelve years old, but she had heard of Jesus only in the English language, which she understood but imperfectly, and I was tongue-tied as to speaking the musical Indian dialect in which Nannie did all her thinking. Would she die and go out into the far-off country not understanding what had been done for her? How He loved her and wanted *her* love! Could I do anything more to show her the way?

"Teacher!"

And as I turned to the bed the beautiful brown eyes met me with such a wistful, questioning gaze.

"Teacher, what for Jesus Christ come?"

Never before in five years of mission life had any one asked me that question. My heart gave a quick leap, and Oh! *could* I make it plain to her?

"Because God could not forgive our

bad ways,—the wicked things we had done,—unless some one would take the punishment in our place. Jesus loved us so that He came and died for us. If we will give ourselves to Him He will take us and love us—O, so much; and when God says, 'Where are Nan's bad ways?' Jesus will say, 'I have put them all away. I have covered them all with my blood. You cannot see them in your Book any more, for Nan is mine, and I have washed away all the bad and naughty things Nan ever did in that blood I shed on Calvary.' And more, if you belong to Him when you die Jesus will take you where He lives—to that beautiful place you were reading to me of in your Bible last Sabbath. You will live with Him always. You will never go away out of heaven again."

There was a long silence, then came the question:—

"What that mean they sing, 'Every fear and pain gone by?'"

"It means that those whom Jesus takes to heaven are never afraid again of anything, and they never are sick again."

"I go to heaven, I never sick again?"



"Never."

"I never have ague again?"

"Never."

"My head it *never* ache again?"

"No, Nannie, how can it? Did not you read to me, 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.'"

"And I never cry again?" with a curious choking in the tired voice, for into Nan's short life there had come abundant reason for tears.

"Never. When God has once wiped the tears away they can never come again."

"Teacher!"

Then there came a long pause, so long I thought the tired head could think no longer, and sleep had closed the brown eyes again. Suddenly the fever-flushed face was raised from the pillow and there came the question:—

"Miss Dane, how long you know it?"

"Know what?"

"Know these good things, that Jesus love us so?"

"When I was a little child they told me."

"Who tell you?"

"My mother."

"Who tell *her*?"

"Her mother, I suppose."

"All white mans he knows it?"

"Yes, I think all white men know."

"How long white mans he know?"

"Many hundred years, I think."

"Hundred years he know! What for why he not come tell my people sooner? I think I get well I just *run* tell my people Jesus so good."

Then after a long time of quiet thought the soft voice added:—

"I love Him so."

And far on into the night I saw the shining of happy tears in Nan's beautiful eyes, for she had found Him "who loved us and gave himself for us."

Five years after one wrote me from our old mission home:—

"Nannie united with the church last year. She is living as a Christian woman should."

Ten days ago a lady of intelligence, a Christian woman, living in all the light of this nineteenth century, with mission intelligence in every religious paper she takes up, asked me:—

"Can an Indian be converted? and if he is, will he stay converted?"

I thought of Nannie in her far southern home, then of the three hundred Dakota Indians, five of them ordained ministers of the gospel, with whom I sat down to the communion-table in 1879, (and, so far as I know, all of them have "*staid*" converted,) and I almost felt like saying, "Though one come to you from the dead ye would not believe."

Thank God, a goodly number of the women of our churches have heard the sorrowful wail of that question,— "What for why white mans he not tell us sooner this good thing how Jesus love us so?" and are making haste to send that word, whose "entrance giveth light," to the far-away people who sit in darkness. Thank God, so many are helping to "hasten that day." To those who ask,— "*Can* they be converted?" I commend Nannie's comment—"I just *run* tell my people this good thing."

Do we run to carry the good news?

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### A Little Pilgrim: or, Jesus Paid the Fare.

*This anecdote, in rhyme, has a history, the half of which I cannot tell. It was picked up by an old man in my district, much worn; he read it, and with God's blessing it did him real good. He read it to a dying woman, and through it she was led to the Savior. It came into my hands, and I had it printed, and 142,000 copies have already been circulated. Many pleasant letters have been sent me, telling glad tidings of its usefulness. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."*

J. Rennie.

One summer's evening, ere the sun went down,  
When city men were hastening from town,  
To reach their homes—some near at hand,  
some far—

By snorting train, by omnibus or car,  
To be beyond the reach of city's din,—  
A street-car stopped, a little girl got in,  
A cheery looking girl, scarce four years old;  
But all alone! one scarce could understand.  
She held a little bundle in her hand—  
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,  
But which did not some bread and butter hide;  
A satin scarf, so natty and so neat,  
Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took her  
seat,

And laid her bundle underneath her arm,  
And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,  
She to the porter said, "May I lie here?"  
He answered instantly, "O yes, my dear."  
And there she seemed inclined to make her  
stay,

While once again the car went on its way.  
The tall conductor—over six feet high,  
Now scanned the travelers with a business eye;  
But in that eye was something kind and mild,  
That took the notice of the little child.  
A little after, and the man went round,  
And soon was heard the old familiar sound  
Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets too,—  
The car was full and he had much to do.

"Your fare, my little girl," at length he said.  
She looked a moment, shook her little head,—  
"I have no pennies; don't you know," said she,  
"My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me."  
He look'd bewildered—all the people smiled:  
"I didn't know; and who is Jesus, child?"  
"Why, don't you know, He once for sinners  
died,

For little children, and for men beside,  
To make us good, and wash us from our sin.  
Is this His railway I am traveling in?"  
"Don't think it is! I want your fare, you  
know."

"I told you Jesus paid it long ago:  
My mother told me just before she died,  
That Jesus paid when he was crucified;  
That at the cross His railway did begin,  
Which took poor sinners from a world of sin.  
My mother said His home was grand and fair;  
I want to go and see my mother there—  
I want to go to heaven, where Jesus lives,  
Won't you go too? My mother said He gives  
A loving welcome—shall we not be late?  
O let us go before He shuts the gate;  
He bids us little children come to Him."  
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim,  
He knew not why,—he fumbled at his coat,  
And felt a substance rising in his throat.  
The people listened to the little child;

Some were in tears—the roughest only smiled,  
And some one whispered as they looked  
amazed:

"Out of the mouth of babes the Lord is  
praised."

"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing;  
"I am going to heaven. My mother used to  
sing

To me of Jesus and His Father's love;  
Told me to meet her in His home above;  
And so to-day when aunt went out to tea,  
And looking out I could not father see,  
I got my bundle,—kissed my little kit,  
(I am so hungry,—won't you have a bit?)  
And got my hat, and then I left my home,  
A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam;  
And then your carriage stopped, and I could  
see

You looked so kind. I saw you beckon me;  
I thought you must belong to Jesus' train.  
And are you going home to heaven again?"  
The poor conductor only shook his head;  
Tears in his eyes,—the power of speech had  
fled.

Had conscience, by her prattle, roused his  
fears,

And struck upon the fountain of his tears,  
And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl?  
At last he said, "Once I'd a little girl,  
I loved her much; she was my little pet,  
And with great fondness I remember yet  
How much she loved me. But one day *she*  
*died.*"

"*She's gone to heaven,*" the little girl replied;  
"She's gone to Jesus—Jesus paid her fare.  
Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there?"  
The poor conductor now broke fairly down;  
He could have born the hardest look or frown,  
But no one laughed; but many sitting by  
Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.  
He kissed the child, for she his heart had won.  
"I am so sleepy," said the little one,  
"If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait  
Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate;  
Be sure you wake me up, and pull my frock,  
And at the gate *give just one little knock!*  
And you'll see Jes s there!" The strong man  
wept!

I could but think as from the car I stopt,  
How oft a little one has found the road,  
The narrow pathway to that blessed abode;  
Through faith in Christ has read its title clear,  
While learned men remain in doubt and fear,  
A little child! the Lord oft uses such  
To break or bend, the stoutest heart to touch;  
Then by His Spirit bids the conflict cease,  
And once for ever enter into peace.  
And then along the road the news we bear,  
We're going to Heaven—that *Jesus paid our*  
*fare.* Dickie Rhymer.

### "Desert Palm."

This is the name of a "Foreign Missionary Society" made up of TWO LITTLE GIRLS, in Troy, N. Y., AND TWO OF THEIR FRIENDS, of whom and of whose good works, the LIFE BOAT's readers have often heard. More than once, moreover, the world's sailors have been the objects of their Christian care and charity. This year their "Annual Report" came to us in printed form. The Secretary and the Treasurer tell their own story, so well, and it is so inspiring, that we do not abbreviate it. What other two LITTLE GIRLS, OR MORE, will begin and persevere in walking in the footsteps of these?

#### SECRETARY'S REPORT

*For the Year ending March 2nd, 1884.*

As the Desert Palm closes its fourth year, we gratefully acknowledge God's mercy, crowning the efforts of two little girls with greater success than we have before known. May His blessing make each dollar contributed a power for good, and rest also upon the kind friends who have so liberally given money, time, labor, and, we trust, prayer, to our work! So shall the fruits of the past year be found in Heaven.

Our weekly meetings have continued without a single interruption, but our work has by no means been confined to these. One hundred and eighty-three letters have been written during the year to friends in all parts of our own, and also in foreign lands. One hundred and twenty-two letters have been received. Two hundred copies of our last annual report have been sent out.

Among the pleasant incidents has been the exchange of greetings, by letter, between the Desert Palm and "Pike's Peak Mission Band," "Faneuil Rush Light," and "Bright Jewels."

Several delightful letters have been received from our beneficiaries, translated by the missionaries. The one from Yeghese Topoozian elicited many prayers for her in this, her first work as a Bible Woman in the village near Harpoot, where her husband labors as pastor during the winter. Rakhambabai, our Bible Woman in Ahmednagar, India, writes of her fam-

ily and work. Tārā Nārāyan and Bhāgu Ramagai, our two little pupils in the same place, write a joint letter. Thank-am Nelatambey of Oodoopitty, Ceylon, is the only pupil from whom we have not heard directly. Miss Leitch, with whom we have had very pleasant correspondence, has, however, written of her.

Missionaries in Turkey and India have also written, Mr. Wheeler sending several curiosities from his most interesting field, and dear Mrs. Bissell, beside reports of the school and Bible Women, a beautifully printed scripture motto in Marathi. We wish each one of our one hundred and eighty-seven members could enjoy these with us. Home missionaries have also shown interest in our work, and the dear sailors have contributed generously to our funds. A little note in childish printing proves the interest of one of our youngest members, and we prize most highly a letter from one of the Lord's dear ones, who has for over twenty years been laid upon a bed of pain.

At the Christmas season bright cards were sent to each of our beneficiaries, and to the missionaries. A busy western pastor sent us a box of Chinese curiosities. Gifts of completed work have been received; also materials, patterns, and several kind orders. The largest of these was a double charity, as the one hundred and fifty fancy candy-containers helped to make a "Merry Christmas" for as many poor friendless children in New York.

We have disposed of all our articles by private sale, but this would have been impossible except for the kindness of one of our most active members. The list of sales is as follows:—

1 Correspondence card, 18 Holders, Ceylon flowers, Candy, 11 Blotters, 7 Sweeping caps, 3 Sewing bags, 6 Pin-balls, 1 Pair napping socks, 1 Drawing, 150 Candy bags, 2 Catchalls, 1 Pair of wristers, 2 Decorated Eggs, 1 Flannel Rabbit, 2 Pen-wipers, and 2 Handkerchiefs.

Copies of several missionary letters have been made for us by a distant member. Besides these, various reports and circulars containing missionary intelligence have been sent us. The reading at our weekly meetings has included extracts from *The Illustrated Missionary News*, *Church Mission Work*, *The Harpoot News*, *The Pacific*, *Oakland Church and Sunday School*, *Sabbath Reading*, *Times of Refreshing*, *St. Louis Evangelist*, and *Well Spring*, besides the constant reading of *The Missionary Herald*, *Life and Light*, and *The Mission Day Spring*.



The books read have been *Life of Henry Martyn*, and *Bag of Stories*, the latter presented by the sister of the author.

The "Faneuil Rush Light," that sprang from the "Desert Palm," still lives and has lighted another "Rush-Light" in Maryland. We pray for God's blessing upon both, that their rays may shine across the seas and illumine many hearts.

We ask the prayers of all our members in behalf of our beneficiaries in Turkey and India, trusting that God will enable us to carry on their support during the coming year.

MARY F. CUSHMAN,  
Secretary.

*The Cottage, March 1st, 1884.*

*Address, Box 17, Troy, N. Y.*

*There have been so many requests for our Constitution and By-Laws that we here give them in full.*

ART. 1. This Society shall be called the DESERT PALM, auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Missions.

ART. 2. The officers of this Society shall be a Secretary, and Treasurer, chosen annually.

ART. 3. The object of the Society shall be the collection of money for missionary purposes, and the cultivation of a missionary spirit among its members.

ART. 4. All money raised by this Society shall be sent to the Treasurer of the Woman's Board of Missions for the purposes of its organization.

ART. 5. Any person may become a Working Member of this Society by the payment of ten cents, annually; an Honorary Member, twenty cents annually; and a Life Member, one dollar.

#### *By-Laws.*

1. Meetings for work shall be held every Wednesday afternoon.

2. Each Working Member shall contribute one cent weekly, and a fine of one cent if not engaged in Society work.

#### — TREASURER'S REPORT,

*for the Year ending March 2nd, 1884.*

The Lord has greatly blessed the work which He has intrusted to our hands, even more than in any other year of the little Palm tree's existence.

We love to look back upon all the way that He has led us these four years; during the first, giving us twenty-five dollars (\$25.00), five times the largest sum for which we dared to hope. The second, we asked the Lord to double this amount,

and to our joy He sent us sixty-three dollars and eighty-eight (\$63.88). As the third year was fast drawing to a close, and only sixty-seven dollars and fifty-eight cents had been received, perhaps our faith was weakened, but the Lord proved his promise true, "Ask and ye shall receive," and just before the books closed He sent us a check for thirty-three dollars and nine cents from kind friends in Hartford, sixty-seven cents more than the desired hundred! (\$100.67). This year our receipts have amounted to one hundred and twenty dollars (\$120.00), making the total of four years, over three hundred dollars.

The appropriations for 1883 have been as follows:—

For the support of Rakhamabai, a Bible Woman in Ahmednagar, India.....	\$35 00
For the support of Tara Narayan, a pupil in the Boarding School at Ahmednagar, India.....	20 00
For the support of Bhagu Ramagai, a pupil in the Boarding School at Ahmednagar, India.....	20 00
For the support of Thankam Nelatambey, a pupil in a Boarding School at Oodooipitty, Ceylon.....	30 00
For the support of Thankam Nelatambey, for 1884, in part.....	15 00
Total.....	\$120 00

The thirty dollars received at the close of last year was appropriated to the support of a Bible Woman near Harpoot, Yeghese Topoozian, who began her work this last winter.

We feel deeply grateful to the kind friends who have shown their interest, not only by joining the Society, but by very generous gifts. One who was already a Life and Honorary Member, was not contented until he had joined our little band of workers. Being non-resident, he was obliged to pay fines and taxes, making it an expensive business!

Among all our members, ranging from one to over ninety years of age, only one has been called away by death, Mrs. Nancy Moses, of Oakland, Cal. A friend who felt that her missionary interest could not decrease in Heaven, placed her name among our Life Members, with that also of her own deceased daughter.

We feel especially pleased that the busy officers of some of our great National Societies, as well as a few missionaries, have not only helped us with words of encouragement, but with additions to our treasury.

Thanking our Heavenly Father for the prosperity of the past, we look forward with hope to the new year, praying for His special blessing upon all our members and beneficiaries.

*Money Received.*

Balance March 1st, 1883.....	\$ 67
Life Members.....	31 00
Honorary Members.....	19 43
Working.....	40
Sales.....	13 13
Gifts.....	47 23
Taxes.....	2 08
Fines.....	1 06
	<hr/> \$120 00
<i>Money Expended.</i>	
Forwarded to "Woman's Board of Mis-	
sions".....	\$120 00
	<hr/> \$120 00

NOTE.—No part of the contributions received is used for the incidental expenses of the Society.

MARGARET J. CUSHMAN,

*Treasurer.*

"The Cottage," March 1st, 1884.

Post Office Address, Box 17, Troy, N. Y.

The "Life Members," by payment of one dollar each, whose coöperation these young Christian workers have called to their help and that of THE MASTER, are to be found in almost all parts of this country. Those who became such in 1880-1 numbered 4; in 1881-2, 19; in 1882-3, 27; in 1883-4, 32, and the "Honorary Members" (20 cents each, annually) in 1883-4, were 101.

*From The British Workman.*

### A Message from the Sea.

Few Christian workers have such need for patience as those who toil in Sunday Schools. It is not, as a rule, theirs to reap.

Some time ago a Lincolnshire farmer told me of a lad who was a scholar of his, who seemed likely to be none the better for the pains taken with him. He was what is called in those parts "*dacious*," that is, wild and mischievous, without being radically bad. He seemed not to care for the instruction of his teacher, and yet all the time he was impressed by the earnest and loving words of the man who thought of and prayed for his unruly scholar. After awhile he left the school and went to sea, for his village home was close to the coast, and all the people about there are familiar with storms and wrecks. Even his teacher was one of the

lifeboat-crew, and was wont, with others, to go forth in the teeth of the storm "to seek and to save that which was lost." One would have thought that the sights the lad witnessed on that terrible coast would have frightened him into a love for the quiet and safety of the land; but that which made him an unruly scholar was the very thing to make him wish for a sailor's life, and so he went away to plough the sea instead of the soil.

In God's good providence he sailed with a godly captain, and once left Hurtlepool, (Eng.,) to return no more. During the voyage the poor lad broke his leg, and while laid aside could think of what he had heard in the village Sunday-school. The pious skipper was able to pray with him, and to point him to the Savior, and when the ship was lost, the lad went down into his watery grave with Christ in his heart. It seemed a strange place for a lad to go to find the Savior, but

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

The great thing for us to do is to get the seed into the ground. I have little fear for it then. It is sure to come up if we get it in; but a great deal of what is called sowing is lost time, because either the ground is not made ready, or God's seed is not thrown into the heart, but something of our own. Let those of us who know that we are doing our best take heart, and remember the story of the lad who left the Sunday School for sea, and there found peace with God, and was taken through the waves to heaven. It must have been no small trial for the lad to be confined to his berth when the storm was raging, but Christ can cheer the heart when all other things are gloomy. I have often thought of that ship going down with all hands, and yet for every one of the mariners to be saved, and resigned to the will of God. Perhaps some may ask how I know all this, if the ship went down with all hands. Well, it is in this way. Before the vessel found-

ered, the godly captain wrote a letter to his wife, and sealed it up in a bottle, committing it to the waves, in the hope that it might be washed ashore. The bottle containing the letter was picked up on the coast of Jutland, and the precious letter was forwarded to the widow. The following is a copy of the document, and tells its own tale:—

AT SEA, October 19th, 1862.

*My dear Wife* :—Before you get these few lines I shall be in heaven. Our ship, the *Glory*, of West Hartlepool, is just about foundering. The pumps are both choked, John Hunter had his leg fractured with a 'sea breaking, and we have had nothing but gales of wind, and are almost a wreck; but, thank God, we are resigned to our Heavenly Father's will. My men are all happy in the Savior's love. They were all crying for mercy, and they all found peace: the lad John Hunter's conversion was one of the brightest I ever saw. My dear wife, I have left you in the hands of the Lord, and I know He will provide for you and the dear children, and I hope you will meet me in Heaven. May this be granted for Christ's sake—in Heaven!

I remain, your loving husband,  
JOHN LOYNES.

### What Came of Sending A Boy to College.

Writing under this head, in a recent number of *The Well-Spring*, the Sunday-school paper issued by the Congregational Publishing Society, Rev. Dr. I. N. TARLOX tells what the Congregational Education Society did for one New Hampshire boy, whom it helped through college. Then he studied theology at Andover, Mass., and was immediately settled over a large church in our own City of New York, where he preached to its congregation twenty-nine years,—his ministry one of the highest usefulness. Then called back to his native State, he was made President of the college from which

he had graduated thirty-three years before, and filled that post for fourteen years.

Now, though no name is mentioned, it is not hard to read between the lines of the good Dr's article—the name of Rev. ASA D. SMITH, D. D., once pastor of Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church in this city. And it might have been said with truth that along with many other good deeds, Rev. Dr. Smith did not fail to impress that people with the need and the privilege, on their part, of doing generous things in the support of the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

### The Emperor's Kingdom.

Emperor William of Germany has celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, and he is hale, hearty, with good digestion, and a fair capacity for business. While King of Prussia he said to his physician,—“Carry me past seventy, and I will give you a title.” On his seventieth birthday the King made the doctor a baron.

“Carry me up to eighty,” said the monarch, “and I will elevate you still higher.” The physician was made a prince of the Empire on the Emperor's eightieth birthday,

“My children, I'm ashamed of you. Do you wish to live forever?” exclaimed Frederick the Great, when once his guards wavered in battle. The Emperor evidently does not sympathize with his ancestor's sentiment.

The amount of fatigue which the aged monarch can endure is such as would stagger a much younger man not gifted with a similar working constitution. He rises early, devotes the forenoon to affairs of State, drives out in the afternoon in a one-horse cabriolet, and devotes the evening to hospitality and official work.

Kaiser William “looks every inch a king.” He is six feet in height, well proportioned, and weighs 250 pounds. His mother, the Queen Louise, who beard-



ed Napoleon in behalf of her conquered country, was the handsomest woman in Europe. The Emperor in his best days was noted for his manly beauty.

An anecdote brings to light the genial side of the royal octogenarian. While staying at Ems to drink its famous water, the Emperor visited an orphan asylum. After listening to the recitations of the children, he lifted a bright little girl of six years into his lap, and said,—“Now, my little fraulein, let me see how well you have been taught. To what kingdom does this belong?” and he held up an orange.

Looking up timidly into the Emperor's face, the little one replied,—“To the vegetable kingdom.”

“Very good, little fraulein. And now tell me to what kingdom does this belong?” and he held up a gold piece.

“To the mineral kingdom.”

“Better and better, little fraulein. Now look at me, and say to what kingdom do I belong.”

The little girl hesitated. Was the great Emperor an animal? She looked at her teachers. They were a little startled. With a half-frightened look she turned to the Emperor and said,—“To the kingdom of heaven.”

“Yes, yes, my little fraulein,” answered the Emperor, with tears in his eyes;—“I trust I do belong to God's kingdom. And you think it is time I was there, do you not? Well, the day is not far distant.”—*Youth's Companion*.

### Over-Dressed.

The following incident, taken from the *Youth's Companion*, is the experience, when a young girl, of a woman who is now one of the most brilliant leaders of society in Washington:—

She was the daughter of a poor country farmer, and lived out of the reach of the fashionable world. She received an invitation to spend a day and night with some friends in their cottage at the seaside near

Nahant. “We will have a little boating in the morning, and a little dancing at night,” said the note of invitation.

She knew that her friends were among the most wealthy and influential families in Boston, and resolved not to disgrace them with her plain attire. A silk of bright color was bought and made up into a fantastic-looped gown, with an airy, plumed hat to match, for the boating party; while for the evening she bought a ball dress of pink tulle, trimmed with large bunches of artificial roses. The two dresses cost her whole year's allowance.

She arrived in the morning, dressed for the water party, and found her friends in the boat dressed in loosely fitting gowns of blue flannel. Before they returned her dress was drenched with the salt water. She dressed for the evening, and going down, with bare neck and shoulders, found her friends in the simplest of summer dresses,—lawns and muslins.

They were too courteous to show their astonishment by a look or a smile. “But,” she says, “it was the most bitter moment of my life. The vulgarity of display was burned into me then. I wish I could teach every American girl to abhor it as I do.”

### American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

*President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*

*District Secretary:—*

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars, contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

SHIPPED IN JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST, 1884.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1884, was 8,044; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,533; the total shipments aggregating 16,577. The number of volumes in these libraries was 432,098, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 308,935 men. Nine hundred and forty-seven libraries, with 34,092 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,243 men.—One hundred and ten libraries were placed in one hundred and ten Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,960 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and seventy Keepers and surfmen.*

JUNE, 1884.

During June, 1884, twenty-four new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,113-8,128, and 8,130-8,134, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,943, 7,944 and 7,946, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7943.	Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Concord, N. H.	Bark Furness Abbey....	Valparaiso, S. A...	14
7944.	Miss Edwin Peabody, Danvers, Mass...	" Martha Davis.....	Honolulu.....	14
7946.	S. S. Center Cong. ch., Haverhill, Mass.	" S. R. Lewis.....	New Zealand.....	14
8113.	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	" Piscataqua.....	Ceylon.....	14
8114.	Rev. Dr. W. H. Steele, Newark, N. J...	Ship Sea Witch.....	Melbourne.....	23
8115.	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	Bark Martha Davis.....	Honolulu.....	13
8116.	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Vilora H. Hopkins..	Java.....	16

# THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

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For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sabbath-Schools. but increasingly, of late years, from individuals, many libraries being sent out as Memorials. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to these investments. The Society sends fifty copies of the LIFE-BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sabbath-School contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. It also mails, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same. In addition, as far as possible, by means of the LIFE BOAT, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and by correspondence,—in response to request for it,—the donor of each library is kept informed of its reshipments and effectiveness.

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The ends aimed at for twenty-six years past, in making up these libraries, may be named, in the reverse order of their importance,—as (1) recreation and amusement, (2) the civilization, softening and humanizing of seamen, (3) the imparting to them of solid information, (4) their religious instruction and impression.

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## THEIR RESULTS.

*These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.*

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## HOW TO SEND THEM OUT.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money-order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the dono



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

*Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.*

It will also, *upon application*, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give annual notices of their desire for its continuance.

## Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

## Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 422 South Front St. Penn. " " " "		Capt. R. S. Lippincott.
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts. Wilm. " " " "		Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society....	Mrs. S. C. Clarke.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	David Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored).....	do.....	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House.	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St ...	Seamen's Aid Society.....	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court .....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....	" " " "	Miss Ellen Brown.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	R. S. Stubbs.

## Mariners' Churches.

Location.	Sustained by	Ministers.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison..	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 365 West Street, N. R.....	" " " "	" T. A. Hyland.
Open Air Service, Coenties Slip..	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street .....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard...	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	" E. N. Crane.
Van Brunt, near President St.....	" " " "	" E. O. Bates.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	(Supplied.)
Cor. Hanover and Fleet Streets..	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Pierce.
Salem St. (No. 171) Bethel.....	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" S. S. Nickerson.
East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	" L. B. Bates.
PORTLAND, ME, Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St..	Prov. Sea. Friend Society....	" J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society..	" J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts..	Presbyterian.....	" J. V. W. Schenck.
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" W. B. Erben.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist.....	" "
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.	" " " "	" E. N. Harris.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" Chas. McElfresh.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore S. B.....	" R. R. Murphy.
NORFOLK.....	American & Norfolk Sea. } Friend Societies.	" J. B. Merritt.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society....	Capt. W. J. Potter
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	Rev. C. E. Chichester.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " "	Richard Webb.
MOBILE, Church Street near Water...	" " " "	" "
NEW ORLEANS, La.....	Independent.....	" L. H. Pease.
GALVESTON, Tex., 22nd St. & Broadway	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	" E. O. McIntire.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	" J. Rowell.
" " " "	Chaplain Sailors' Home....	" E. A. Ludwick.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	" R. S. Stubbs.



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

*President.*

HORACE GRAY, Esq., HENRY A. HURLBUT, Esq., *Vice-Presidents.*  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D.D., *Secretary.* WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*

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## OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.**
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, CHILL, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLES, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A.,—and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and endeavor to supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** and **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the **LIFE BOAT**, for the use of Sabbath-Schools.

3.—The provision of **LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1884, is 8,044. Calculating 8,533 reshipments, their 432,008 volumes have been accessible to more than 308,935 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of **SAILORS' HOMES**, **READING ROOMS**, **SAVINGS' BANKS**, the distribution of **BIBLES**, **TRACTS**, &c. The **SAILORS' HOME**, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any **SAILORS' HOME** in the world. It has accommodated 100,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen, have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are constantly provided for at the **HOME**. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious and Temperance meetings are held daily.